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The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



MARCH
1935

Kay

Stories vs. Articles



I'M calling up Kitty Carman," announced Jean with the telephone receiver at her ear. "I'd like to know if she's thought of a name yet for the April cover of THE AMERICAN GIRL. This cover is so springy—and I simply dote on the frog." She jiggled the hook. "They don't answer. Kit must be out."

"Uh-huh," murmured Joan absently. She was curled up on the couch, lost to the world in her magazine.

"Have you sent in a name?" persisted her chum.

"Uh-huh," said Joan again. Then she sat up briskly. "Yes, I have. I sent *Singing in the Rain*—and I have hopes of winning that book."

• "Smart girl, Jo! I'll have to think up something bright, too. What are you reading in THE AMERICAN GIRL?"

"A peach of an article by Edwin B. Dooley about baseball. It tells

how you can get a lot more pleasure out of going to games if you know the science of the play."

"Yes, I read that first thing. I needed it. I've always been a dumb-bell about baseball."

"Same here." Joan rolled over, propping herself up on her elbow. "Have you read the new etiquette article? The one on *Your Room and Its Manners*? It's the best yet."

"I have, and I agree. That Etiquette Series is about the finest thing in the magazine."

• "The girls are having quite a discussion in the *Penny letters*," said Joan, "about whether they like articles better, or stories. Which do you?"

"Stories!" Jean was emphatic. "Just look at *The Heedless Haydens*. That's a serial for you! Where would you find an article as good as that? Or that perfectly corking story, *The Blue Hat*, by Edith Bishop Sherman? Or the new Ellen Wakefield story?"

"I know. I'm crazy about stories." Joan gazed at the window blurred with rain. "But you said yourself that the Etiquette series was one of the best things in the magazine. There's a keen article of Esther G. Price's in this number, too, about Diana Thorne and her dogs. And that article about making things out of oilcloth for your room was awfully helpful, didn't you think so?"

"Yes, I did," assented Jean. "The articles are pretty swell, I grant you, and I'd miss them awfully. Maybe what I mean is that I'd enjoy a lot more of both—more articles and more stories."

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES—NUMBER FOURTEEN
GIRL IN BROWN *Painted by James J. Shannon*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

MARCH · 1935

David Copperfield

The "favorite child" of Charles Dickens grows up on the screen, with the help of an all-star cast

By BETTY SHANNON



DAVID AND MRS. MICAWBER ENJOY A "DISH OF TEA"

I HAVE in my heart of hearts a favorite child. His name is David Copperfield." So wrote Charles Dickens in 1850, when his great story (published serially, once a month, in twenty little green paper-covered books) was first issued in a single volume.

You have read the book, of course, and have discovered for yourself how greatly it takes possession of you, and that it is impossible for you to be indifferent even to the least of the immortal characters who move through its pages. You have loved David, and Dora, and Agnes. You have hated the Murdstones and Uriah Heep; you have laughed delightedly over Peggotty, and Barkis, and the Micawbers, and Aunt Betsey Trotwood; and there is no doubt at all that you have shed tears over Dan Peggotty, and the death of Steerforth.

But if, by any mischance, you have not read *David Copperfield*, don't let another day go by before you start, at least, to make it your own. You'll know the characters as well as you know your family and friends—and you'll never forget them as long as you live.

By the time this article is published, many of you will have seen *David Copperfield* in the movies, for that bright boy David has gotten a job for himself on the screen, and he has taken with him almost all the characters whom you have loved, or detested, or been amused by in the book. He has taken even crafty Uriah Heep, who pretended he was so humble all the time he was plotting to ruin his employer, Mr. Wickfield, and was laying his plans to marry Agnes Wickfield right under David's stupid nose. For a clever boy, it did take David a long time to find out that he had always loved Agnes, didn't it?

This play is one of the most beautiful and authentic productions which has been made for the screen. It has a

splendid cast, and it took two years, and cost two million dollars, to make the picture. I haven't figured out how much that would be in pounds, but it's a lot of money. Sixty-five actors were required—an enormous cast—and twenty-seven thousand tests had to be made before the directors could get the right people to play all the parts. Seventy-eight sets had to be built, though there are usually not more than ten or twelve, and there were collected seventy-three thousand pictures and

photographs and prints of old houses, streets, stairways, gable-ends, kettles, cups, spoons, fireplace-irons, beaver hats, and other things, so that all the details might be exactly as they were in England at the time represented in the book. The picture is worth seeing for Nurse Peggotty's marvelous workbox with the picture of St. Paul's Church on it alone—the carpenter had to rebuild it a dozen times to make it right—and to watch Mr. W. C. Fields as Micawber, wielding his monocle on a string.

IF Charles Dickens had been in the studios when the London sets were being used, and had heard the terrific din which accompanies them, he might have thought that he was back in England in 1830. London streets of those days were much noisier than they are today, with iron rims on every wheel, and omnibus conductors shouting at passers-by in order to secure passengers for their vehicles, since they were paid commissions for every fare. To add to the noise, many men carried walking sticks which they tapped on the sidewalk as they went. The sound technician in the studios had to make special equipment to record this clattering and chattering correctly.

The directors thought they never would find a David good enough to play the part—that is, the boy David. They

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, AGED TEN, AS DAVID COPPERFIELD; AND, BELOW, FRANK LAWTON AS DAVID, GROWN UP, WITH HIS "CHILD WIFE"



EDNA MAY OLIVER, AS AUNT BETSEY TROTWOOD, BEATS UP THE DONKEY BOYS. LEFT, DAVID WITH WILKINS MICAWBER, IMPERSONATED BY W. C. FIELDS



did find the grown-up David without any difficulty, in Frank Lawton, a young Englishman, who played Joey in *Cavalcade*; but the boy David was the problem. By far the greatest number of interviews and screen tests were for that one character. They searched for David all over England, and around Boston, and wherever they thought they might find a suitable boy with charm, and a fine carriage, and a good English accent.

When they did find him, it was altogether by chance. Into the studio one day, without being announced, walked the very image of young David Copperfield. His name was Freddie Bartholomew, and his Aunt Millicent had brought him all the way from England because he had been in a play or two at home, and she believed he could act the part. She was certainly right. Mr. George Cukor, the director, thinks that Freddie Bartholomew is a real child success. One reason is that he is simple and unspoiled.

THE motion picture production of *David Copperfield* has been an event to remember in southern California. The variety of setting and scenes necessary to film such adventures of David and his friends as might be included in a picture two hours long required outdoor locations over an area of two hundred miles. In several locations, unusual sets which were constructed as backgrounds for the picture, will be left standing. One such is built in a fascinating spot overlooking the ocean, about fifty miles above Los Angeles. It represents the cabin of Dan Peggotty on Yarmouth Beach; and as you will remember, Dan's home was the hull of an old ship, and his nephew, Ham Peggotty, lived there with him, as his niece, little Emily, did also. In the picture, as in the book, Emily stands out from the others like a flower.

Enchanting Blunderstone Rookery—where there were no longer any rooks, but where there were geese that bit at David's legs when he and his pretty mother and Nurse Peggotty lived there together—is another of these. It was

reconstructed in a lovely garden just outside Pasadena, from many photographs taken from the original house in England.

Forty miles from Pasadena there are a series of white cliffs so like the chalk cliffs at Dover that Aunt Betsey Trotwood's cottage was built there, with its neat flower garden, and the spot of green beyond, between the house and the sea, where Aunt Betsey was kept busy driving the donkey boys off the grass.

These sites were chosen by the noted British author, Hugh Walpole (who is vice-president of the International Dickens Fellowship) as being similar to the original settings. Mr. Walpole came from England for six months, to be helpful in keeping the details of the picture true to English tradition, and to write the dialogue spoken by the actors. He remained to play the part of the rector of the Blunderstone church—where David once fell asleep during a long prayer, and fell off the bench.

Most of the indoor settings were built in the vast studio at Culver City, including the shabby but cheerful rooms where the Micawbers lived. The Micawbers befriended



MARILYN KNOWLDEN AS AGNES WHEN DAVID FIRST KNEW HER; AND, RIGHT, HIS MOTHER. BELOW, ALL THE MICAWBERS READY TO SAIL FOR AUSTRALIA



ABOVE, PEGGOTTY WITH THE WILLING BARKIS. BELOW, DAVID, URIAH HEEP (ROLAND YOUNG), AND MICAWBER

David, a bewildered lad of ten, you remember, when, after his mother's death, he worked in Mr. Murdstone's dreadful bottling factory among the most evil associates. This incident was based on an experience of Dickens's own boyhood. Describing David's sad thoughts at that time, his creator wrote, "No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship, compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood, and felt my early hopes of growing to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast."

IN the sets for the Micawber rooms, you will see the little bedroom with "blue muffin" wall paper, that David occupied when he stopped with the Micawbers, the paper made especially for the set. You will also see the place near "The Adelphi" where he met the dainty and fluttery Dora Spenlow, later to be his "child wife," and where he was "articled" to her father.

Most fascinating of all of the sets in the studio, perhaps, is the replica of the Wickfields' quaint house, which still stands today in its little street in the ancient town of Canterbury. I have seen it, bulging out over the road "so that I fancied the whole house was leaning forward, trying to see who was passing on the pavement below," as Dickens describes it. David went to live at that house while he went to Dr. Stone's school near the Cathedral, and there he became



acquainted with Agnes, as a little girl, and with her father.

Many of the greatest successes in motion pictures have been the pet ideas of one or two people who cared enough about these ideas to go through the difficulties necessary to bring them to fulfillment. This was so with George Cukor, the director of *David Copperfield*, and with David O. Selznick, the associate producer who worked with him. It was several years ago that these two young men began talking of *David Copperfield* for the screen—even before the two of them got *Little Women* under way—and to them particularly is due the credit for the (Continued on page 38)

Nancibel Play-Acts

By ESTHER GREENACRE HALL

Illustrations by Harvey Seefeldt

A STILLLY coolness rested on the ridge top where Nancibel Horton sat on a log beneath a beechnut tree. The cool softness of ferns and moss lay beneath her bare feet, and a light breeze lifted her unruly locks of auburn hair which glistened as brightly as the autumn leaves above her head. Nancibel's small, slightly freckled face was intent, and her lips moved in a low murmur as she read from the sheaf of papers spread on her knees.

Suddenly she jumped up, crying out triumphantly, "I've larned hit all, Brit! Ary word of hit."

Brit Rand who had been sitting nearby on the ground, back propped against a pine tree, glanced up.

"Law now, that's shore fine," he said in his slow drawl, his dark, rather somber face lighting with a smile. "Hit's a sight to the world how you ever larn all them play words."

"Hit ain't larning my words in the play that's hard," she told him. "Hit's how I'll say them that frets me. Why, hit's only two months since you 'n' me come to Little Valley School. I hain't larned to talk pretty yet, like tothers that are going to play-act. They've all been at school quite a spell, and I'm afeared I'll sound like an old hen squawking 'mongst a flock of redbirds."

"Shucks now, you hain't no call to get skittish," Brit assured her. "You jest take to play-acting like warts does to a toad. Ever since I can recollect you been making up plays 'n' getting all the young-uns on Dog-Leg Creek to be in them."

"But play-acting back home on Dog-Leg is a sight differ from doing hit Outside afore strange folk," Nancibel said, with a sigh, as she dropped down on her log again.

"I reckon hit is," Brit admitted.

There was a long, thoughtful silence. The girl stared to the north where the ridges of hills mounted like steps to the blue altar of the Kentucky sky. It was from the north, from Dog-Leg Creek, that she and Brit had

come just two months before. Hortons and Rands had been neighbors on the creek for generations, and ever since Nancibel could remember, she and Brit had been friends. When they had finished what meager learning the district school could offer them, she had determined to enter Little Valley Settlement School twenty miles away. It had required a whole year for her to save money for the five dollar tuition fee, and to convince Brit that he should come to Little Valley, too. The boy dreaded meeting strangers, and asked only to be left alone to roam the woods with his closet companion, an old rifle which his pappy had left him when he died.

Nancibel smiled to herself, remembering how Brit had insisted upon bringing the gun to Little Valley with him. Of course Mrs. Rogers, the principal, had taken the gun away from him. She'd promised Brit that she'd keep it safely for him in her office, and that he might have it when he went home for vacation. Nancibel had been able to understand the necessity of such procedure. But Brit hadn't, and the incident had given him a bad start at the school.

"Thar's the supper bell," Brit's voice roused Nancibel from her musing. "We'd best make haste going down."

From the valley behind them floated a faint, sweet chiming like the echo of a pleasant dream. In answer to it, the two started swiftly down the leaf-strewn path that zig-zagged down the hillside.



"ALL RIGHT, DON'T THEN!" SHE CRIED. "STAY HERE AND LEAVE YOUR HEADPIECE DRY UP LIKE THE CORNFIELDS"

*Another story of the Kentucky mountains by
the author of "On Dog-Leg Creek"*

"I can't nowise believe I'll soon be leaving this place 'n' going Outside," Nancibel called to Brit who strode ahead, long legs swinging in easy rhythm.

"You'll have a heap to narrate when you get back," he said over his shoulder.

Far faster than her feet, the girl's thoughts skipped along. She, who had never even seen a train or a town, would next week be going Outside, to that mysterious world that lay beyond the mountains. A group of ten students had been chosen to make a tour of northern cities. In each city the group would present a Kentucky mountain play to raise funds for the school, and to arouse general interest in Little Valley.

NANCIBEL'S fingers closed more tightly on the copy of the play in her hand. More than anything else she could do, she loved to play-act. More than anything she had ever wanted, she longed to travel. And now both things had come to her.

"I reckon I'm the gladsopest gal in all the world," she told herself as they hurried along.

Below in the valley, like brown chicks clustered about a motherly brown hen, the small log cottages and classrooms of Little Valley School were grouped about the central dining building, Laurel Hall. The bell had ceased its ringing by the time Nancibel and Brit reached the school grounds, and all the students had hurried into the Hall save two boys who loitered along nonchalantly. The taller one, who was swinging a long stick, turned about as Brit and Nancibel caught up with them.

"Look who's coming!" he said loudly, his mouth twisting into a mocking smile. "If it ain't the Dog-Leg rifleman."



"I'M PLUMB SICK OF YOUR MAKING FUN OF ME," CRIED BRIT. "I'VE A MIND TO BREAK YOU INTO BITS"

And, swinging his stick up to his shoulder, he sighted at an imaginary target. With his tongue he made a loud cluck in imitation of a trigger snap, and then dropped his gun with a satisfied laugh.

"What'd you bring down, Mart?" his companion asked, with a sly glance at Nancibel and Brit who were passing them.

"A bear. The nicest, fattest. . . ." He broke off as Brit swung about facing him.

"I'm plumb sick of your making fun of me, Mart Donaldson. I've a mind to break you into bits—like this!"

And before the other could draw back Brit had snatched the stick from his hand, and had cracked it into five pieces.

Nancibel grabbed him by the arm.

"Come along," she urged him. "Mart hain't worth bothering with. You'll jest walk into trouble."

SO you're going to break me, are you?" Mart Donaldson cried, heavy face flushing crimson. "Waal, I'll show you."

Nancibel glanced wildly about. There was no one in sight to stop them.

"Keep still. Both of you," she cried sharply. "Mrs. Rogers is coming."

Immediately Mart dropped back, and his companion began to pull him on toward Laurel Hall.

"I don't see Mrs. Rogers," Brit protested. Then to the departing Mart he added, "I'll see you later. Don't forget."

"That Mart Donaldson's an evil-natured fellow," Nancibel told the angry boy. "But like as not he didn't mean no real harm this time. You got to get used to fun-making."

"Leave them find somebody besides me to make fun at then." Brit's mouth was set in a tight line, and his black eyes were narrowed to two angry slits. "Thar hain't nothin' funny 'bout my toting a gun to school as I can see. That Mart's



"GOOD MORNING, NANCIBEL," MRS. ROGERS SAID GRAVELY. "I SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE BRIT RAND'S CLOSEST FRIEND IN SCHOOL."

allus talking 'bout my gun 'n' making tothers laugh at me. But I'll show him yet. And by the time I'm through with him, his face'll be too sore for laughing."

"Waal, your face looks too sour for laughing right now," Nancibel smiled as they reached Laurel Hall. "Can't you iron some of them creases outen hit?"

But Brit made no answer, and his feet plunked down heavily, angrily, as he climbed the steps beside her. Sooner or later there would be trouble, she knew that.

DURING the following weeks Nancibel was busier than she had ever been in all her sixteen years. When she was not attending classes, or helping the other girls with the cooking and general housework, she was rehearsing for *Kentucky Young-uns*. Clothes appropriate for travel Outside were being furnished the cast by the school principal for, at Little Valley, calico dresses and overalls were the daily apparel. The clothes arrived from a mail-order house the week before the cast's departure. Each morning when she awakened, Nancibel hurried to her closet to be sure that the new outfit was still there. One by one she checked over the green wool dress with the crisp piqué collar and cuffs, the brown dress with the gay darts of orange thread in it, the brown coat and matching felt hat, the brown shoes and stockings, and the pair of brown wool gloves. Each evening the girls in the cottage where she lived came in to gaze at the clothes. With reverent finger tips they stroked them, while several were even bold enough to try them on.

Every student at Little Valley was getting a vicarious thrill out of the drama group's trip. The subject of geography achieved sudden popularity. Maps of the United States were brought out, and the group's tour traced by eager fingers. It had been decided that the cast should leave Little Valley on Saturday morning at nine o'clock. On mule-back they would travel over the mountain to the nearest town of Big Gulch, there to catch the two o'clock train for the North. On the Thursday night before the departure, the girls lingered in



Nancibel's room long after lights were out.

"How does hit feel to be going way out yonder, Nancibel?" . . . "How does hit feel to possess sech purty frocks?" they asked wistfully.

"Hit feels quare, downright quare," Nancibel told them soberly.

Long after the house-mother had shooed them all off to bed, Nancibel lay sleepless on her cot. And when her eyelids finally fluttered shut, it was to the sound of an imaginary train-whistle tooting faintly in the distance.

Next morning, while Nancibel was in English class, a message came that she was to report immediately to the principal's office. Perplexed by the call, she hurried across the lawns to the log cabin that served as the main office.

"Good morning, Nancibel," Mrs. Rogers said gravely. "Sit down, please. I sent for you because I know you are Brit Rand's closest friend."

Nancibel, sitting on the edge of her chair, watched the principal's kindly face intently.

"Last night someone broke into my office through that window over there," Mrs. Rogers was saying. "I had a cash box containing fifty dollars locked in this top drawer. The drawer was forced and the box stolen."

The girl frowned. This was all very terrible, but how could it concern Brit?

Mrs. Rogers leaned forward. "But that isn't all. Brit's gun, which I've been keeping for him, as you know, was also taken."

"La, but Brit will be upsot when he knows his gun's gone!"

"But Brit's gone, too," Mrs. Rogers said. "Last evening he and Mart Donaldson had a terrific fight, and sometime during the night Brit must have run away from school. We've looked everywhere for him. Isn't it rather strange that both Brit and his gun should disappear the same night?"

For a long moment the girl stared at the principal's troubled face. Then at last she said, "I allow Brit wouldn't leave here without his gun."

"And having come in for the gun, might he not have taken the money, too? Do you know whether Brit or his family need money badly?"

Nancibel stood up. "You hain't got hit in your head that Brit stole that money, have you? (Continued on page 44)

The Gold Flower-Basket

Phyl and Meg Merriam invite the "Squibnocket crowd" to a reunion supper

By
MARY
AVERY
GLEN



"WHY DID YOU ASK HER?
SHE DOESN'T CLICK WITH
OUR CROWD AT ALL," SAID
SALLY BURKE PETTISHLY

WHY did you invite *that* girl?" asked Sally Burke pettishly, as she and Phyllis happened to meet for a moment in the pantry. "She doesn't click with our crowd at all."

Phyllis Merriam looked worried. "I don't care for her much myself. I'd rather not have had her, but Meg invited Bud Bowman—because his family's away and she imagined he was lonely—and Aunt Marcia thought it would be nice to ask Annette Jacquard to even up with Bud. Her father's our new French professor at school."

"Bud Bowman's all right. He's a good-looking boy. But I think it would have been nicer to have kept this party an exclusive reunion for the eight of us who were together at the Island last summer."

"I think so, too. But you see how it happened."

"I can't bear that Annette," continued Sally. "And I can't see why Jock Bacon thinks she's such a paragon. He's been falling over himself to talk to her for the last hour."

"He doesn't think she's a paragon, and he's not 'falling over himself,'" retorted Phyl indignantly. "I asked him to

make Annette have a good time because she's a stranger."

"Oh, *you* asked him!" returned Sally, with lifted eyebrows. She turned away.

It was Saturday night. Ten young people were gathered in the big kitchen of the Merriam apartment, preparing supper and, from the noise they made, one might have thought there were twice that number. It was only by happy chance that all the group of eight who had summered together at Squibnocket Island last year had been able to accept the invitation to this, their first reunion, for their homes were widely scattered. Besides Phyllis and her younger sister Meg, hostesses, there were Red Cochran, who had come out from New York where he was sightseeing over the week-end, with his father; Sandy Collins and Ace Corbett who were visiting near by; and Sally who had ridden over in a cousin's car from Engleford. John Bacon, a few years older than the

rest, had come down from Harvard for the occasion. Sue Kingsley was a home-town schoolmate, as were the two extras, Bud, a pleasant boy of fifteen, and little Annette Jacquard.

Annette wore her hair in a fringe across her forehead, and her black eyes snapped with French vivacity. She was having a wonderful time, and was quite unconscious of her doubtful welcome.

Sandy Collins had added to the uproar by arriving with his new accordion under one arm, and "Casey," his Boston bull pup, on a leash. On Sandy's entrance, each one, of course, had been determined to try the accordion, and it had been snatched from hand to hand amid shouts of laughter while a succession of ear-splitting discords filled the kitchen.

SANDY'S idea was to settle himself comfortably in a chair and play the part of grasshopper among the ants, serenading the company while they worked, tapping the floor with his foot in barn-dance fashion the while. But a helper was needed at the stove, and Meg had pressed him into service to stir the cocoa. So the accordion was banished for a season to the living-room, where it lay unheeded, awaiting a better opportunity.

Not so, Casey. Casey was young, Casey was frivolous. He awaited no one's convenience. And most of the shouts and shrieks which rent the air, now that the accordion was hushed, could have been laid at his door. He was here, there, and everywhere, over chairs and under chairs, now chewing the shoes of a resisting victim, now leaping to the head of another to wash an unprotected ear with his pink tongue.

"Hi, Casey—get off me! I washed my face before I came," cried Sue Kingsley, driving the disturber under the tubs with a convenient dish-mop. "Now stay there, and let us alone—we have work to do!" She turned to Sally. "I'm dying to see your new pin."

Sally's dress was charming, white silk plaided with cherry-red, and at her throat she wore a brooch, a heavy little nugget of gold in the shape of a flower-basket.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Sue, as the girls crowded to see. "Did you get it for your birthday?"

"No, it was a valentine," Sally tossed her silky black curls, and her smile suggested both mystery and power. "It was designed for me specially—plain gold, without any stones, so I could wear it with every dress. But I said no. I don't want to wear it all the time. I promised not to tell who gave it to me."

Meg forgot her hostessing. She lifted her short nose in air. "Boloney! I bet your mother gave it to you."

Sally ignored her. "It's really not a pin. It clips on."

"Be careful not to lose it," cautioned Phyl. "I think a clip on a handsome pin's kind of dangerous myself."

Annette Jacquard's face sharpened with interest. "Oo-oo, Sally," she cooed. "It is beautiful. I have wanted a flower-basket all my life. Will you let me try it on?" Her fingers reached out impulsively.

Sally drew back and, with a defensive gesture, placed her hand over her brooch. "I don't want to take it off now." She turned to Phyl. "I'll wash the lettuce for the salad."

"And I'll skin the tomatoes," cried Annette. "There's room for both of us at the sink!"

Red Cochran was chopping cabbage with a noise like thunder, in a wooden bowl which rocked from side to side. Casey was in evidence again, and John Bacon, down on one



knee, was boring an extra hole in the dog's collar with the small blade of his knife. "It's too tight, Sandy," he explained. "Hold still, Old Top, I'll be through in a minute,"

he admonished the puppy to quiet his excited wriggling.

There was a step in the hall and Aunt Marcia Merriam entered. Miss Merriam had had charge of Phyllis and Meg for years, since an accident had deprived them in childhood of both parents. Her cheery, sympathetic manner led most of the boys and girls who gathered in her home to call her affectionately, as did her nieces, "Aunt Marcia."

She was dressed for the street except for her fur coat which she carried on her arm. "I'm going now, youngsters. I'll be back at ten o'clock to see you—before you leave. Sorry to miss your supper, but you'll enjoy it more without a fat old lady fussing round."

"Lots o' people would like to be as young as you are, Aunt Marcia," Red protested gallantly, springing to hold her coat. "You're not fat, either. You're just—er—filled out."

"Thanks for those kind words, Red." She smiled at him over her shoulder. "The chicken's in the ice-box, already carved, Phyl, and when you're ready for the ice cream the janitor will send it up on the dumb-waiter. Be good children, and don't bring the neighbors down on us with your noise." She passed her hand over John's dark head. "Keep them in order, John. You're the straw to which I cling."

JOHN BARRED THE NARROW HALL WITH HIS ARM. "I'M GOING TO STOP YOU, SALLY"



*Illustrations by
Robb Beebe*

John grinned up engagingly, showing his strong white teeth. "I'll stand by, Aunt Marcia." He liberated the little dog with a parting pat.

Scarcely had the front door closed behind Miss Merriam when there was a shriek from Sally, still at the sink. "Sandy, call Casey! He's up on the draining-board washing my face! He's all over me! He'll tear my dress! Sandy! Call him, I tell you! My goodness, he's got his leg in the lettuce pan!"

SWOOPING down, Sandy caught the offender and swung him to the floor. "He likes you, Sally."

Ace Corbett, lounging against the door-frame, silent as usual, regarded the fray through blue-black lashes. "Got an eye in his head," he condescended.

Sally flashed him a glance, and smoothed her rumpled frills. "What are you going to have for bread, Phyl?"

Phyllis clapped her hand over her mouth. "For goodness sake! I forgot the muffins. We've got to work fast, or they won't be done in time. The pans are on the top shelf of the closet, Jock. Will you reach them for me? How *could* I have been so stupid!"

"I'll beat the muffins up while you grease the pans," Sally offered, rummaging for a spoon. "I can't bear to touch

buttery paper. Light the oven, Bud."

With his nose in the ice-box, Sandy regarded the platter of chicken with an approving eye. "Here's a wishbone on the side of the dish," he observed, straightening up. "I'm going to dry it on top of the oven, and at supper me an' the lady o' m' choice are goin' to pull it. Eh, wot?"

Sue landed a playful box on his ear. "You and your ladies!"

The muffin pans greased, Phyl moved them close to the bowl of batter which Sally was beating furiously. "I think that's enough, Sally," she said. "Let's get them into the oven. Then we can all go into the front room, and sit in the firelight till they're done. Turn down the gas under the cocoa, Meg."

When the pans were settled on the heated rack and the oven door gently closed, the young folks forsook the kitchen in a laughing body, and crowded into the hall. They passed the pretty room shared by Phyl and Meg, Aunt Marcia's spacious bedroom where their outside wraps were lying on the bed, and the dining room with its decorated table. The girls fluttered down before the living-room fire. The boys lowered themselves more deliberately, with due attention to the knees of their trousers.

Casey had subsided. His helpful ministrations in the kitchen had worn him out. He curled on the rug close to the fender, and gave himself up to oblivion. From time to



SANDY STRUCK AN ATTITUDE OF PROFOUND THOUGHT, HIS HAND ON HIS FOREHEAD

time his jaws worked quietly as if he were chewing in his sleep.

"Why does he do that?" asked Meg. "Has he got something in his mouth?"

"Nothing but the ghost of a bone I gave him yesterday. He's dreaming." Sandy grinned and reached for the accordion. "What'll you have, fellow sufferers, to help us forget the pangs of hunger? My repertory is large."

"Let's sing *Home on the Range*," suggested Sue. "I love that."

"I like *Not for All the Rice in China*," cried Meg.

"Some of both," Red compromised.

The accordion wheezed its way into *Home on the Range*, and the chorus of young voices rose and made the old room loud with cheer:

"Where the deer and the antelope play,

Where seldom is heard

"A discouraging word,

"And the skies are unclouded all day."

Pulling himself up, Red added a fresh log to the fire. "I'll bet it's cold outside. It's snowing like fury."

Phyl glanced over her shoulder at the windows. "I hope Aunt Marcia'll come home in a taxi."

"Second verse!" cried Sandy, and the accordion wheezed on. But it did not finish the tune.

Sally raised her hand to her throat and drew it away with a sudden cry. "My pin! It's gone! Where is it?"

There was a moment of confusion. John Bacon rose and snapped on the lights. "It's probably right here. Be careful, everybody. We may step on it."

Sally stood up and shook her dress. All the girls shook themselves. The boys, on all fours, explored the carpet, turning up the edges of the rugs. Annette went through the wood box. But the pin was nowhere to be found.

"It's bound to be here somewhere," John assured them as, with all lights burning, the party proceeded to the kitchen. "Meg, haven't you a pocket flash?"

They looked in the sink, they turned Meg's flash-light on the linoleum and under the radiator, they emptied out the wastebasket, and knocked their heads together crawling

under the lowest shelf of the pantry, but all in vain. No pin.

Annette was in the front line of the search. "Don't worry, Sally," she cried encouragingly. "We'll find it. We'll *consecrate* on finding it." (She meant "concentrate," of course.)

Sally was inconsolable and, as usual under trying circumstances, angry and disagreeable. "That girl makes me sick," she muttered.

A delicious odor of cocoa and browning muffins filled the kitchen. Sue had presence of mind to turn off the gas, and open the oven door. "We can warm the cocoa up again," she said, but no one listened.

They craned their necks to look under bureaus and beds, they moved out the chairs, and peered under the table in the dining room, but with no result; and gathered again, a perplexed and uncertain band, in the back hall outside the kitchen door.

"Suppose we separate into parties of two," John suggested, "and let each couple be responsible for one room. Annette, you and Bud go over the living room again. Sally and Ace—"

But Annette interrupted. "Good! Come on, Bud. Let's go!" The two

scampered together up the hall.

"Sally and Ace take the dining room," John continued.

"Why, where is Sally?"

Sally answered in person by stepping suddenly out of Aunt Marcia's room, her dark eyes flashing. "Where's Annette?"

"In the living room with Bud. Why?" Phyl's tone showed surprise.

"Why? Because I know who's got my pin! I knew it from the first. *She* has it! I just pinched her pocketbook on the bed, but it's not there. It must be under her dress clipped to her slip!"

THERE was a horrified silence, broken first by Phyl. "Oh, no, Sally! Why, she's hunting for it now."

"Hunting for it! Of course she's hunting for it. She'd do that to cover up her tracks. She's clever!"

John stepped forward. His voice was low, but stern. "That's nonsense, Sally. You've no proof, nor even any evidence of such a thing. Annette wouldn't steal your pin."

"Who else would take it?" hissed Sally. "Didn't she say she wanted it awfully, and then try to make me take it off so she could get her hands on it?"

"Please don't speak so loud," Phyl begged.

"And didn't she crowd up to me at the sink on purpose to get hold of it? Of course she did! She's the only one here that nobody knows anything about. I tell you I'm going into the front room, and face her with it! I'm going now!" Blind rage had downed Sally's reason.

"You mustn't! Aunt Marcia would be terribly angry!" protested Phyl.

John laid his hand on Sally's arm. "You can't do that," he said quietly. "You don't realize the seriousness of such a charge. You'd have to prove it." He tried to bring her to her senses. "This is Aunt Marcia's apartment, and Annette is her guest. What do you suppose it would mean to Phyl and Meg, at school, to have their professor's daughter called a thief at a party at their house? You live out of town, but what about them? Use your imagination, girl!"

Sally jerked her arm out of (Continued on page 30)



Right Face!

Good looks used to be good luck, but now they're a habit

By

HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion



ONE of the first things a good workman must learn is to take care of his tools. This holds not only for screw-drivers, egg-beaters, and paint-brushes, but also for such useful assets as faces.

Your face is an invaluable accessory to your charm, and to your self-confidence. People look at your face and make up their minds about you. You look at it—in your mirror—and are happy or sad. For it has a way of showing, like the rust on a neglected tool, not only any unfortunate things you may be thinking and feeling, but also the sort of care that you are giving it.

There are two things that you can do to your face which are guaranteed to improve it. One is to allow it to reflect a healthy body, and a happy, optimistic, kindly spirit; and the other is to give it the benefit of really good grooming. The first job, I'm afraid you will all have to work out for yourselves, but on the second, if you like, I shall be very glad to help you.

Good grooming for young faces is really very simple, for it consists of (a) Cleansing, and (b) Protection.

If young skins get into trouble, you can usually trace the cause to incorrect cleansing methods. It's awfully easy to tumble into bed without washing your face. It's a great temptation to give to a late-rising morning face just a casual splash of cold water. But this way danger lies. Danger of blackheads, and a broken-out skin, and other uglinesses that really spell D-I-R-T.

Every face (unless it's a face which has something wrong with it that needs a doctor's attention) should be washed once or twice a day with soap and water.



IF YOU WANT TO HAVE A WELL-GROOMED FACE, FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE ROUTINE REGULARLY



*Illustrations by
Katherine
Shane Bushnell*



The White Rabbit Mystery

By
ELLIS
PARKER
BUTLER

Illustrations
by
Leslie
Turner

MRS. SYLVAN CAME TO DO THE CHORES AT DOT'S HOUSE

WE girls called our Detective Club "The Tenth Street Yard" because we live on Tenth Street, and that was as near to "Scotland Yard," the headquarters of the great English detectives, as we could come. There were just three of us at first, Betty Bliss, and Dot Carver, and I, and we got up the club to do detecting, if there was any detecting to do, and to read good detective novels to each other when there were no crimes for us to solve, which was pretty often.

There were a few crimes, though, and Betty Bliss was a wonder as a detective, even if she was only a girl, and that was how Dick Prince and Arthur Dane—who laughed at us a lot at first—came to ask if they could join our Detective Club, too. I suppose they thought they were smarter than Betty and would show us a few things.

Our Detective Club met on Thursday afternoons, and Thursday had not come around since we said the boys could join the club. It was Saturday morning and winter, and Dot and I had stopped at Betty Bliss's house with our skates. Betty came out with her skates.

"Art Dane is going with us," she said. "He telephoned over, and I said we would stop at his house for him."

"Where's Dick Prince?" Dot asked. "Why doesn't he come with us, too?"

"Dick has gone hunting," Betty said. "His father gave him a shotgun for his birthday, and Dick got Jed Sylvan to

take him to his hunting shack in the woods. They're going to try to get some rabbits."

So that was that. We walked as far as Art Dane's house, and I "oo-ooed," and he came out with his skates hung over his shoulder.

"Hello!" he said. "How are all the lady detectives? Any more crimes?"

"Not a crime," Betty Bliss laughed. "You can't expect one every day, Art, now can you? We can't be ferrets all the time."

"If you were ferrets," Art said, "maybe you could help me. A couple of my rabbits got away last night. None of you saw anything of a couple of white rabbits, did you?"

WE hadn't, of course, and we said so; and as far as I was concerned, I was ready to forget Art's white rabbits and go skating, but Betty Bliss asked Art a question.

"How did they get away? I thought you were always so careful to fasten the cages; did they gnaw out?"

"No, I must have left the lid of that cage open. I went out and gave the whole lot of them some cabbage leaves after supper last night. I thought I closed the lids, but maybe I didn't."

"Aren't you going to hunt for them?" Betty asked.

"I did hunt," Art said. "I looked all through the yards around here, but not a hair or a hide of a rabbit."

"No tracks?" Betty persisted, for a half inch or so of snow had fallen during the night.

"Not a track," Art answered. "Not a sign of them."

"Maybe they were stolen," Betty went on. "I should think tame rabbits would not go far. They would leave tracks somewhere, hopping around."

She handed her skates to Art.

"Come on," she said, starting into the yard. "I'm going

There wasn't a crime in the neighborhood for the Detective Club to solve till Art's rabbits vanished

to have a look at the cages. This may be a job for us, girls."

We went around the house and into the back yard where Art kept his rabbits, in cages. It was an open shed that had been a woodshed once, with no front to it; and the cages, six or eight of them, were all against the rear wall, some piled on top of others. They all had rabbits in them except one cage, the one from which the white rabbits were missing. That cage stood on a table by itself—something like a kitchen table, but homemade.

"How many white rabbits were there?" Betty asked, looking into the empty cage.

"Two. Just a pair," Art told her. "Full grown. They were not stolen; they got out. I must have left the slide open. Don't waste your time; let's go skating."

But Betty was studying the cage. Dot and I, of course, were looking at it, too, but I couldn't see any way to tell whether the rabbits had been stolen, or just got out and hopped away. All there was, as far as I could see, was the empty cage. It was a good-sized box with mesh-wire screen on the front and one side, and a sleeping-place partitioned off at one end.

"They were stolen," Betty Bliss announced. "This is a

case for us, ladies." She said it in the most positive way, as she says things when she is sure of them.

"I don't see it," Art argued. "If you can tell by looking at that cage that those rabbits were stolen, I'll say you are a wonder."

"You are a member of the Tenth Street Yard now, Inspector Dane," Betty said, "and I will thank you to speak more respectfully to your Superintendent. I do not care to have the members of my force call me a wonder when I am engaged on a case. May I ask you to look at that rabbit cage, Inspector Dane?"

"Yes, Superintendent," grinned Art, and I could see he was not taking Betty seriously, "I am looking at it."

"Give your attention to the fastening."

We all looked at the fastening when Betty called our attention to it in this way. The lid, or door, of the cage was a single board made to slide in and out between grooves on the top of the box. It was open now, pulled out so that even extra big rabbits could have jumped out through the opening. But what we looked at was the fasten-

"I WILL THANK YOU TO
SPEAK MORE RESPECTFULLY
TO YOUR SUPERINTENDENT"



ing. This was a piece of leather strap nailed on the slide, and there was a nail standing half-an-inch high in the top of the box, over which a hole in the strap could be put. This held the slide closed—when it was closed—but now the slide was pulled out almost as far as it would go.

"Was the slide open like that when you came out this morning, Inspector?" Betty asked Art.

"Yes," said Art doubtfully, "I think so." And then he said quite positively, "Yes, I know it was! That's why I thought I must have left it open last night. Yes, it was open."

"And the fastening, Inspector? I asked you to give that your attention."

Art came closer to the cage and took the end of the leather strap in his fingers.

"Well, say!" he exclaimed, and he looked at Betty with a grin that was almost sheepish. "You've sure got sharp eyes, Betty!" And then he said in a hurry, "I mean Superintendent."

We all looked at the strap closely, and it was easy to see that the leather had been broken through at one side where the hole that was meant for the nail was.

"I don't suppose you did that, Inspector Dane?" Betty asked. "When you pull out that slide to feed your rabbits, you don't usually jerk it and break the fastener, do you? You didn't do that last night, did you?"

"I did not!" declared Art. "I never jerked a lid in my life. If I did, I'd just have to put on another strap."

"So we see," said Betty, "that someone opened that slide in a hurry, and probably in the dark. Someone, most likely, who did not know there was a fastener on the slide. He jerked at the slide and broke the fastener. In other words, Inspector, a thief took your rabbits."

"Well——" said Arthur.

BUT if that is not enough proof," said Betty, "look at the straw in the bottom of the cage. I don't suppose you pushed all the straw up in one corner, did you, Inspector?"

"Certainly not," said Art. "If I had done anything to it, I would have spread it out."

"But it is all pushed into one corner," Betty pointed out. "And how would that happen? I have picked up tame rabbits by the ears, and you and I know what they do when they are lifted. They kick—struggle and kick. If your rabbits had jumped out of the open box they would not have disturbed the straw much; when the thief lifted them, they kicked, and they kicked the straw into a pile. Are you satisfied now that someone took the rabbits, Inspector?"

"Yes, I am," grinned Arthur. "Anyway, it looks that way."

"Because if you are not," said Betty, "you can look at the cabbage leaves in this cage. You said you came out after supper last night and gave the rabbits cabbage leaves. Did you give all your rabbits cabbage leaves?"

"Yes, all of them," Arthur admitted.

"You can see, then," said Betty, pointing at the other cages, "that all the cabbage leaves have been eaten except those in this cage. I ask you, Inspector, if these white rabbits are different from your black rabbits, and your black-and-white rabbits, and your Maltese blue rabbits? Don't they

like cabbage leaves as much as the other rabbits do?"

"Of course," Art laughed. "I see what you are getting at. The white rabbits wouldn't have jumped out of the cage until they had eaten the cabbage leaves—or at least most of them. And they did not eat much of the leaves. So they must have been stolen out of the cage before they had a chance to eat the cabbage leaves."

YOU are intelligent, Inspector," said Betty, but it did not sound exactly like a compliment. "You grasp facts quickly when you finally see them. We will admit, then, that a crime has been committed here, and that the white rabbits were stolen. Everything indicates that, including the fact that you could find no rabbit tracks in the snow that fell during the night. Stolen rabbits would not make tracks in the snow. So now we will decide when they were stolen."

"Before the snow fell last night," said Art promptly. "I know that because there were no tracks in the snow when I came out here this morning—no footprints."

"We can set the time a little closer than that, I think," Betty said. "We know that the rabbits were here when you came out to give them the cabbage leaves last night. What time was that?"

"After supper. About seven-thirty o'clock. It was dark. I used my flash light."

"Rabbits awake?"

"Oh, yes! It wasn't quite that dark."

"Hum," said Betty thoughtfully. "You gave the white rabbits their cabbage leaves last, didn't you?"

"Yes, but how did you know that?"

"They would have eaten more of the leaves if they had been fed first. You'll notice the leaves in their cage are hardly more than nibbled. That means that the thief was here very soon after you were. The rabbits had no time to eat much. Possibly the thief was hiding here in the shed when you were here. But, no—there is no place where a person could hide."

"Then you mean, Superintendent," I said, "that the thief came and took the rabbits almost as soon as Arthur went back to the house?"

"It would seem so from the clues we have noticed," Betty said, "unless Inspector Dane is trying to play a trick on us, and knows where the rabbits are, and put them there himself. And if you are trying to be that sort of a smarty, Art Dane, we'll never speak to you again as long as we live, will we, girls?"

"Oh, now, Superintendent Bliss!" I said. "That's not fair to Inspector Dane. He didn't even say the rabbits were stolen. He said they got away. Nobody would ever have thought they were stolen if you hadn't suggested it."

"I'm most certainly not playing a trick on you," Art declared. "Cross my heart and hope to die!"

"Then they were stolen," said Betty positively. "Someone came and took the rabbits just after you were here in the shed. Now the question is who took them?"

Art Dane laughed again.

"Listen," he said. "I believe now that they were stolen. You've shown me proof enough (Continued on page 42)



The Heedless Haydens

*Spilled
cream brings
a great change to
the happy-go-lucky
Rocking Chair
Ranch*

By
LENORA
MATTINGLY
WEBER

*Illustrations
by
Joseph
Stabley*

THE STORY SO FAR: The Haydens of the Rocking Chair Ranch (orphans, a large, happy-go-lucky family) were in danger of losing their home because they had sold so much land to pay for the impractical schemes of the oldest brother, Ben. Ben's twin, Bendy, was terrified to find that "All-alone" Smith, a hostile old woman, had secured possession of all the land they sold. She was furious on learning that a newcomer—a young man named Jim Thorne, who bred horses—had hesitated about taking the neighboring ranch because the Haydens had "slack" fences.

To save the home, Bendy turned the ranch into a dairy-farm, buying twenty-five cows with calves, and she took the new school teacher (a young man named Adrian Hungerford) as a boarder. All the household, except Ben, who had left home—from Murdoch, the cowhand, to Laura Hayden, the second sister, Ann and Joe, the children, and Mary Martha, their grandmother—worked with the cows; but the barns needed repairing, and Bendy had to borrow from the bank, giving the herd as security. On the way to town, to sell cream, she lost control of her old car on the hill leading to the Thorne ranch. Crashing down the hill, the car struck the gate, knocking Bendy unconscious.

SHE FELT HIS EYES ON THE BARBED-WIRE CUT ON HER WRIST. IT WAS A SURE LINK BETWEEN THE "BOY" AND HERSELF



PART IV

SOMETHING warming and stimulating was trickling down Bendy's throat. She opened her eyes. An old Mexican woman with an ugly flat face was holding a glass to her lips. Bendy felt a supporting firmness behind her back. It was the arm of the hateful neighbor. She pulled herself away, said accusingly, "How was I to know there was a gate here? There hasn't been one for years."

Jim Thorne said, "You're coming to, fine."

The Mexican woman got to her feet, called loudly to someone in the ranch-house, "Stay, Bernardo, stay! She ees live." And then to Bendy, "*Madre de Dios*, we think for sure your head is bust, when the lid from thees can hit so hard. So I

call loud for my Bernardo. Nobody can say prayers for the dying like Bernardo—ain't so, Don Jimmy? Whenever a man she was hung, she send for Bernardo to pray for heem."

Jim Thorne said, "Get some water—and a towel, Thomassa. I don't suppose she wants to keep the cream in her hair."

Thomassa waddled off toward the ranch-house. Bendy reached her hand up to the gumminess of her hair. She felt so miserably weak, and so miserably foolish. She could feel Jim Thorne's eyes upon her—no, they were upon the barbed-wire cut, not yet healed, on her wrist. It was a sure connecting link between the impudent boy who had raced his horses—and herself. Again that hodgepodge of emotions churned through her—anger, resentment, and shame.

Even in the dim autumn dusk she felt, rather than saw, the embarrassed flush that blended into his apologetic grin. "I'm sorry I jumped to conclusions the other evening. But how was I to know the girl I met by the hitchrack in Slow Water would look like a thirteen-year-old boy the next time I saw her?"

"It didn't matter in the least," replied Bendy coldly. "As Mary Martha says, I considered the source."

All apology left his voice. "You're doggoned right it didn't matter. Male or female, you had it coming to you for acting so tempery with those nags of mine. As the fortune teller would say—barbed wire seems to cross our fate lines."

"My brakes weren't working tonight. And besides I never supposed there'd be a gate here."

"With forty head of mares in this south pasture, I felt the need of a gate here. It was a good gate if I do say so myself."

Thomassa had returned and was wiping the cream out of Bendy's hair. Her clucking sounds of sympathy, and Goosie's questioning whines, and the drip-drip of water from the smashed radiator were all mingled together, and punctuated now and then by the sleepy call of a goatsucker.

BENDY got unsteadily to her feet, stooped and picked up the lid of the cream can. She peered into the can's depths while Jim Thorne held the lantern close for her to see.

It was not even half full now. She thought of them all waiting at the Rocking Chair to see how much the cream would bring. Skipper Ann would be waiting, because out of the first cream-check Bendy was not only to pay for her jar of Egyptian Balm, but was to pay Joe his weekly wage, so that Joe, in turn, could pay Skipper Ann for his privately-owned jar.

Bendy said, not knowing that a shaky sob would bob up from nowhere and thicken her words, "I wonder if the radiator will leak too much for me to go on."

Jim Thorne walked to the front of the car. One light was smashed so that only one shone crookedly ahead. "There's a hole in the radiator big enough for a rabbit to jump through," he announced.

"I have to go on to Slow Water," she persisted.

The old Mexican woman, her hand on Jim Thorne's arm, was pouring forth a voluble jargon of Spanish. He turned to Bendy. "Thomassa here wants to know if you'd supply us with milk. She says that on certain days her Bernardo has a fire in his vitals, and cannot eat *chile*, or *enchilades*, or even *tortillas*, but must drink milk."

"Like the baby he has not yet one ear," Thomassa put in.

"She means he must drink milk like a baby who is not yet a year old," Jim Thorne explained. "Bernardo is in full possession of both ears." He added thoughtfully, "Maybe we can work this out to help each other. As long as we're neighbors—"

Bendy grinned. "You sound like the preacher in Slow Water."

"What I was about to propose as a purely business proposition was this: Thomassa needs milk for the fire in Bernardo's vitals; and you need transportation for your cream. And inasmuch as your car is incapacitated,

I'll trade you the use of my car for a stipulated amount of milk. How much milk, Thomassa?"

The woman grinned worshipfully up at him. "The gallon—she will be plenty for bring each time."

"We'll leave all neighborliness out of this, then, and call it an armed truce. What say?"

Jim Thorne turned his direct gray eyes upon her, and Bendy murmured, around that foolish flare of



"SEE THERE!" MADAME SAID EXULTANTLY. "SEE HOW THAT DRESS TRANSFORMS YOU! THE MINUTE I SAW THE GOODS, I SAID, 'THAT IS FOR BENDY' "

tom-toms in her throat, "But won't you need your car yourself?"

"No, I'm too busy here, getting the ranch in order, and looking after my plugs. There's one other condition—that you bring out any supplies Thomassa may need from town. Is that a bargain—Bendy, isn't it, 'the fightingest twin'?"

"Yes, it's a bargain. A gallon of milk each time I stop," she said stiffly. She wished Skipper Ann hadn't told that she was known in the family as the fightingest twin.

Jim Thorne transferred the can of cream from her car to his tan roadster, lightly swinging it into the storage space in back. Goosie, seeing the cream can there, scrambled into the wide low seat. Bendy felt a sense of elation as she took the wheel. Foolish—to be so fluttery. It was a purely business proposition.

She stopped once more to open a barbed-wire gate in the fence which ran by a little mail-order bungalow. Madame Parthene and her husband lived there. Madame had been a dressmaker in the city before she'd come to the plains for her health. Five years of wind and sun had dimmed her sign almost to oblivion—"Madame Parthene. Dressmaking and Tailoring."

A little white Spitz ran out at Bendy with a crescendo of wild barking, and Madame followed it. "Oh, it's you, Bendy! I hear you've got a lot of cows. I was wondering—you see I don't seem to fill out any—and I was reading where a doctor said buttermilk was so healthful. . . ."

She had been wondering, Bendy knew, with a sudden brushing of sympathy, if buttermilk would fill out the lines in her face. Madame Parthene was vain about lines and wrinkles. "We have gallons of buttermilk," Bendy promised. "I'll bring you some."

I WAS wondering, Bendy, if I couldn't do some sewing to pay for it. I'd love to make you a dress—so everyone would realize how blue your eyes are. They're deep with dreams, child."

Bendy patted the woman's thin arm. "Dreams are foolish," she said. "I'm growing up and getting sensible. I'm a working woman."

She drove on. The cream station was closed when she reached Slow Water, but she drove to the Drummy home, and young Abner, Ab's nephew, rode down with her, opened the station, and tested her cream. Abner was a young edition of his uncle—the same kind, puttery way, the same short figure inclined to stoutness.

He measured some of the cream into a test tube; he timed each movement of the cream tester by his wrist watch. Once when the mechanism was whirring softly to a stop, he said to Bendy, "When I was a kid in a little town in Iowa they had a statue in the park of a pioneer woman. There's something about the way you look—sort of an envisioning in your eyes—"

"Is this your night to make speeches?" the girl laughed. Abner was just one of the Drummys to Bendy, even though he was always visiting at the Rocking Chair, always taking her to dances and box suppers and rodeos.

"You remind me of her," he insisted, a little flustered. "She was so slim, and full of life, and unafraid. . . . Shall I make out the check to you?"

Bendy was filled with a sobering regret. Checks had always been made out to Ben. "Yes, make it out to me," she answered him.

A new moon was trying to push out from behind a cloud the shape of a gnarled hand, as she drove back to the Rocking Chair. The miles were slow, draggy miles ridden behind Tillie and Tom, were worrisome ones in that rattly, sulky car of theirs, but in this powerful, responsive car of Jim Thorne's the miles were short indeed.

She stumbled over two figures on the back step. Skipper Ann and Joe had fallen asleep keeping vigil. Skipper Ann said between chattering teeth, "How much was it, Bendy?"

"The cream-check? Two dollars and seventy-eight cents. But it'll be more the next time."

There was a creaking of bed springs, and Mary Martha called out, her old voice thick with sleep, "How much did you say, Bendy? Two dollars and seventy-eight cents. God love you, *asthore*, say your prayers in bed—it's that late."

Laura sat up in bed, as Bendy tiptoed in, her head bristling with wire curlers. "Only two dollars and seventy-eight cents!"



Bendy had to explain to Laura why the cream-check wasn't any bigger. She told about the car hitting the tight wire gate, and the cream spilling. Laura put her through a cross-examination. It was hard for Bendy to keep an excited flutter out of her voice when she told of exchanging milk for the use of the neighbor's car.

Laura shook her stiffly bristling head. "Brenda, you're still flighty! You should have seen about the car's brakes. Oh, Bendy, you'll have to be more responsible. And not so giggly—what is there to giggle about in spilling cream? We voted for you to run the ranch. You're like a person holding a public trust. You're holding the Hayden trust—our hope of redemption, you might say."

Holding the Hayden trust! What Laura said was true. A sobered Bendy wondered what would ease the throbbing lump on her head. She hadn't noticed before how much it hurt.

The second time Bendy took her can of cream into Slow Water she went on Saturday, so that Skipper Ann could go in with her to mail her letter to the Good Fellowship Company in Chicago, enclosing a post office order for nine dollars and thirty-six cents—twenty-four jars of Egyptian Balm times thirty-nine cents. Skipper Ann's optimism foresaw no possible obstacle now to Chieftain's arriving in Slow Water.

Ellie Drummy was almost as interested in Chieftain as Skipper Ann. She promised to watch out for that telegram, "*Congratulations! We are shipping Chieftain.*" Not many days that Ellie didn't embark in her wheel chair to see and hear all that happened in Slow Water. She had to know all the particulars about Bendy, and her driving of the neighbor's car, also.

Ellie knew all about the new neighbor. "The Thornes have a huge ranch down in New Mexico, and they raise pure-bred cattle on it. But this son is crazy about horses. He's breeding the Palamino sorrels."

"And aren't they beautiful! That light sorrel body, and creamy mane and tail looking like they had a permanent wave," agreed Bendy, forgetting that she was coolly indifferent to the new neighbor and his horses. She explained lengthily to Ellie that she was merely exchanging milk and grocery service for the use of the car.

THE sun was setting in a crimson glow of sky and plain when Skipper Ann and Bendy stopped at the Dwight ranch with the groceries Thomassa had asked them to bring. And again that foolish flare of tom-toms set up in Bendy's throat at sight of Jim Thorne, so tall, so smiling and tender with Skipper Ann.

He also was enlisted as an aide to Chieftain's arrival. He had fixed up posts and wires so that he had telephone connection to his ranch. The Rocking Chair hadn't. "When the telegram comes"—Skipper Ann admitted no ifs—"can Ellie Drummy telephone to you?"

"Yes," agreed Jim Thorne. "And I'll hang a red flag from the highest window there in the barn."

Skipper Ann was beside herself. By climbing to the highest rung on the windmill at the Rocking Chair she could see whether or not a red flag waved.

It was typical of the Haydens that Mary Martha and Murdock, as well as Skipper Ann and Joe, accepted Bendy's driving of the neighbor's car as one of the nice things of life. But not Laura. In Laura's breast, it still rankled that he had called them slack. Besides, Laura thought he had a stubborn chin. She had seen him fixing fences over by the schoolhouse. He had fixed a gate for them to go through instead of letting down wires, lest some of his colts try to cross and get tangled in barbed wire. "Him and his old horses!" said Laura. "That's all he thinks of. I'd just like to tell him that we're Haydens, and that Mary Martha's mother was Lady Brenda, and was famed for her beauty."

Bendy secretly agreed with Laura in everything she said. It still rankled in her heart, too, that he had called them slack. And that his sole enthusiasm was centered in his Palamino. And that he seemed to think of them only as his shiftless neighbors.

But it was such happiness to drive his car back and forth! It could make sixty on that smooth two-mile stretch. It was like a heady stimulant that routed all worries and fears. Bendy, in her headiness, forgot that cold fear she had had of All-alone Smith and her grasping hand. She forgot her humiliation because the countryside called their Rocking Chair a broken chair. She almost forgot that she hated Jim Thorne—would always hate him. . . . She almost forgot that she had borrowed money on a ninety-day note, with her whole herd of cows as security, and that days and weeks were passing.

ONCE All-alone Smith stopped her as she went through that tight-wired gate of hers. The giant firecracker had evidently had lasting effect on the snarling, spotted dog. He still barked ominously, but he didn't run at them. All-alone

Smith looked dingier and grimmer than ever in the cold October wind. "Did you buy that car?" she demanded.

This was the thing that always antagonized the Haydens, this interference of the woman on the hill. Bendy felt an instant's temptation to say, "What's it to you?" But she didn't. The question was so honest, so blunt—yes, and so sincere. "Why do you want to know?" she countered.

All-alone Smith looked at her searchingly out of her weak, reddened eyes. "Because I've seen enough new cars, and the ruin they've brought to the people racing them over the country."

The wind suddenly took on a cold menace that went right through the leather coat Bendy wore, and in under her ribs. Was All-alone Smith thinking that she'd sold another chunk of Rocking Chair land to pay for the car, and that she, All-alone Smith, could get possession of it?

Aloud she said, "The car isn't ours. I'm only using it to deliver cream until ours is fixed."

An unfathomable look came into the woman's eyes. Her grim laugh, too, was unfathomable. It filled Bendy with sharp foreboding, like the twinge of pain in a tooth which warns that a day of reckoning will soon be at hand. She vowed that she must—she *must*—save the cream-checks toward paying the money she had borrowed.

The second of November was (Continued on page 34)

The Larks Go By

BY FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

Up the valley at hint of spring
The little horned larks come traveling,
Searching about for a bite to eat,
Wayside seeds, or a grain of wheat
Here and there, from the farmer's load
Scattered along the country road—
Well worth the trouble of looking for
To a traveler headed for Labrador.

Over the meadow, to and fro,
Their little feet run on the shining snow,
Or scurry away to a wind-swept knoll
To take their portion of winter's toll;
Twittering, visiting, friend with friend,
Keeping their songs for the journey's end,
Great flocks gather, and northward fly—
Spring never comes till the larks go by.

Good Manners at School

*Another article in our series: "It's
More Fun When You Know the Rules"*

By
BEATRICE PIERCE

SOME of you may be surprised at this title. For possibly you've been thinking of manners and etiquette only in connection with important social affairs such as teas, receptions, visits, and weddings. You've thought good manners were something to be put on for special occasions, like a cloak, when needed. But not so, today. It's the fashion now to be sincere and natural; the modern girl considers "company manners" almost worse than no manners at all. Manners, to be of any real use to a girl today, must be a part of herself, as natural as breathing. As habitual at home, or at school, as at a big reception or coming-out party.

In a later article we are going to talk about manners at home, and how etiquette can help a girl get along with her family. Today let's stick to school manners. It's at school that you spend most of your waking hours anyway. Therefore school is your "big chance" to get in your daily practice of rules of good form. It's daily practice that counts, you know, whether you are learning tennis, piano playing, or etiquette.

School means different things to different girls. To one girl, school means lessons and marks. To another, it means dramatics, basketball, glee club, student government, or getting out the school newspaper. Lessons to her are secondary—something to be got through with in order to be eligible for a team, or an office, or membership in a club. Whatever a girl's main interest or hobby at school, however, she isn't happy in her school life unless she has loyal friends, and unless her classmates like her. It is human nature to want to be liked and admired, and one of the chief things that a girl may learn at school is how to make and keep friendships.

All along in these articles I've maintained that good manners play an important part in being popular and having friends. Let's see how good manners may help at school in that particular.

Suppose we say that it is the first day. Naturally everyone is excited about being back. Everyone is running about, welcoming old friends. That is, nearly everyone is. Look about more sharply, and you're sure to see a girl standing wistfully on the side-lines. (In almost every group there is at least one.) Perhaps she is new this year. Or perhaps she was in the class last year, yet was so quiet and self-effacing that you and your friends never paid any attention to her, or thought her worth bothering about. In the breathless excitement of seeing old friends, and comparing notes about all the things that happened during vacation, think for a minute of the girl no one is welcoming. Many people who seem uninteresting on slight acquaintance are most delightful friends when you come to know them better. It is short-sighted to shut yourself out from a friendship, simply because you have made a hasty judgment. Having a small group of friends may indicate, not that you are "exclusive," but rather



NO GIRL IS HAPPY IN HER
SCHOOL UNLESS SHE HAS A
NUMBER OF LOYAL FRIENDS

that you have few interests to share. And anyway it is narrow and small (and consequently bad manners) to cultivate only a few people, and to ignore all others. No matter how many friends a girl has, she owes it to herself to develop her capacity for feeling and expressing kindness and courtesy toward everyone. Especially if she cares about growing into a real personality herself. So, go out of your way to speak to that girl on the side lines. Get to know her. Introduce her to your friends. Give some of your time and thought to her, and to others who may need friendship.

IF, on the other hand, you yourself are that shy or unnoticed girl on the side lines, whatever you do, don't be resentful, or pretend boredom or indifference. Face yourself squarely, and decide to make yourself more entertaining and more worthy of friendship. It is useless to sit back and brood over your lack of popularity. Useless, too, to excuse yourself from making an effort just because you are bashful and never know what to talk about. Marie Dressler, who had a great host of friends all over the world, once felt inadequate just as you do. But she didn't let her misgivings about herself get the best of her. Instead, when she was a very young girl, she began a practice which she followed all her life. No matter where she was, or what she was doing, daily she read the best newspaper she could get, in order, as she explained, "to have something to say to people." This effort to be interesting to people attracted friends to her.

Not many people are born interesting. I don't believe, though, that there is a girl anywhere who hasn't the capacity for making herself into a person worth knowing. To have more friends, then, start in by cultivating that mind of yours.

At the same time give thought to making yourself attractive to look at. Spend more time on selecting clothes that "do something" for you, clothes that bring out your good points. Knowing that your hat is becoming may give you the assurance that will put you over, and make you forget your shyness, the next time you go to a tea. Be ready to accept the cordiality that comes your way. When people speak to you, try to do your part to keep the conversation going. Be sincere in your interest in others—but not "sugar sweet." No one likes that.

Friendship means giving your time, your sympathy, your understanding. It means keeping dates, even when something more interesting comes along. It means standing up for a girl you like when people criticize her. No matter how shy you are, if you have these qualities and are willing to give something to win and keep friendship, real friends will be yours.

THE old essays on friendship tell you that your friends should have about the same education, the same kind of home, the same mentality, and the same financial standing as you do yourself. I don't entirely agree, although in general I *do* think it is a mistake to have friends who live in a fashion very much more expensive than you can afford. But if you are the kind of girl who wants to keep "a-growing," you'll find it more congenial to have friends who know more than you do, and who are a little ahead of you in some, if not all, particulars. No girl can develop beyond her environment if she surrounds herself with friends who have exactly the same, or less, education than she has. The friends you'll value most in the long run (unless you are too lazy, or too vain, to want to improve yourself) are the friends who stimulate you to be up-and-coming, well-informed and entertaining, the friends who make you stretch yourself intellectually. That's different from "keeping up with the Jones's." Keeping up with the Jones's, you know, means pretending to have something you haven't got, spending money that you cannot afford, (bad manners, of course), while stretching yourself intellectually is merely using to the full those talents you already have.

Schoolgirls, more than the world in general, judge people by their appearance. At school, therefore, I know that all of you want to wear clothes that are becoming and in good taste. Many girls know instinctively which clothes are right, and which are not. Others have to learn. There is one guide that never fails. The smartest clothes for school are plain clothes, not drab or severe, but casual and carefree. They must be comfortable, too, the kind a girl can put on and forget about. The kind in which she can have a good time without worrying about spoiling something. This year it's tweed skirts with sweaters and lightweight wools; with piqués, linens, gingham for warm weather. Another season the fashion

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli



THE SMARTEST CLOTHES
FOR SCHOOL ARE PLAIN;
THIS YEAR IT'S TWEED
SKIRTS WITH SWEATERS

may be a little different, but you may be sure that simplicity and comfort will still be guiding principles.

There is no item in your wardrobe that is as important as your shoes. If you must economize, do it on frocks and hats, and avoid cheap shoes. That is, if you value happiness and good looks. Once there was a shoemaker whose shop was so far below the level of the street that his little window showed him only the feet of the passers-by. He learned to judge, as well he might, the character of the people who passed, by observing their shoes. What do shoes show you? When you see a low-heeled, well-fitting oxford, one that is nicely polished and smart in line, don't you conclude that the girl who is wearing that shoe is an alert person who knows that feet were made for walking, and that life is full of interesting things to do? When you see a high-heeled sandal worn at school, don't you sort of know that the girl who is wearing it lacks a sense of the appropriate? Doesn't she tell you that she is vain and likely to be a spoil-sport, unable to enter into things because her feet hurt her, or because she can't run or walk in her slippers?

Jewelry belongs in the same class with high-heeled slippers—good for parties, but *out* with school clothes. To be sure, a string of beads that just sets off your dress is permissible. And, of course, it is proper to wear a simple wrist-watch, and a plain ring. If you wear any more than that, however, you shouldn't be hurt if someone refers to you as being "trimmed up like a Christmas tree" or "all dressed-up and no place to go."

YOU can't look messy at school and get away with it. This is the age of daily baths, and if you are up-to-date you are as "clean as a whistle." You change your stockings and undies every day; and you never, never, never let your shoulder straps slip down, or your stocking seams get twisted. You take time to sew lingerie straps onto the shoulder seams of all your frocks. Or if a lingerie strap is missing at the last minute, and there isn't time to sew on a new one, you should have a supply of tiny safety pins on hand to take care of this emergency. You're never guilty, of course, of going around pulling down your girdle in public. Instead you keep your figure so firm and trim by systematic exercise that you don't need a girdle, or you buy a "stay-down" variety. Needless to say, you don't manicure your nails in public. Neither do you pick your teeth, but you keep them bright and shining, using dental floss as well as a toothbrush and a good dentifrice.

You brush your hair religiously, night and morning, and before going to school you arrange it as neatly and becomingly as possible. After that you leave it alone, and are not constantly fluffing it with your fingers, or feeling your curls. You use no more bobby pins than absolutely necessary, and avoid all elaborate hair arrangement, leaving these for people who have more time and less taste than you have. In other words, you dress so carefully and so thoughtfully that you can forget about your clothes. Thus you help your friends and teachers to think about you, the real you, about your intelligent work in French, your fine coöperation on the school magazine, your leadership in sports or in student government, instead of being distracted by what you have on, or how you look.

Speaking of being neat, the girl with good manners doesn't have a messy desk, either, with things falling out at the slightest provocation. And she isn't a borrower, but keeps a good supply of school necessities on hand.

How are your classroom manners? Are you sincere and friendly, ready to do your part? Or are you apologetic, defiant, or bored?

The apologetic girl is an ill-mannered person in



YOU'RE SURE TO SEE A GIRL ON THE SIDE-LINES

that she makes everyone uncomfortable. She is the kind who is always saying by her manner, "Of course *my* ideas aren't any good!" It's a pose, of course, but her friends, or her teacher have to forget about the subject in hand and assure her again and again that her ideas are all right.

The defiant girl is likewise insincere. She pretends even to herself that the teacher is unfair, and that the assignments are unreasonable. If you are either of these girls, begin right now by studying the assignments. That's the first step. After that, be direct and frank about what you know, as well as about what you do not understand. The class is much like a group of friends gathered at tea to discuss, for example, ways of raising money for the school annual. If you were hostess, think how much more courteous you would consider the guests who came out sensibly with what ideas they had.

THE bored girl is another pretender. The girl who does her lessons well becomes genuinely interested. She doesn't have to cover up, with an air of boredom, the gaps in her understanding of the subject.

Perhaps you are an excellent student, for whom class work is easy. That's fine. But there is one caution for you, too. Do not take up more than your share of class time. Haven't you been in classes with students (as well as at tea with people) who could never keep quiet? Their ideas had to be aired. In other words, they had never outgrown the "showing off" stage of the small child.

The class is really a friendly group of people gathered together because of a common interest. The teacher is there to aid you in having a good discussion. If you can help to clear up someone's else ideas, it is the gracious thing to do. Often even a foolish remark, generously interpreted, helps someone understand a subject better. Everyone should have a fair share of time to use as wisely as possible. If you think of classes in this way, I believe you will get more fun out of

them, as well as much more benefit for yourself and others.

A large part of school life is centered in school sports. As I say the word, I think of a basketball team playing a neighboring school. The score is a tie. Crowds of boys and girls are watching the game intently. A basket is made by the home-team and, as one person, everybody in one side of the grand stand rises and yells wildly. What is the good of all this? It develops sportsmanship, you say. And isn't sportsmanship another name for good manners? Let's see. We've said that the most successful hostess is the one who has forgotten herself in making her guests have a good time. In the same way, the player who forgets himself in his interest in the game, and in the team, is most valuable to his side. I have seen a girl take a long shot at a basket because she knew it would be a brilliant play for herself, if she made it. Yet she risked the loss of that basket—and for the moment the success of the whole team—because she did not forget herself. Had she been a real sportsman, she would have passed the ball to a girl nearer the basket, losing the chance of glory for herself, but running no risk of losing the shot for her team.

The good sportsman puts herself in the background and, although sometimes it may be inconvenient to go to play practice, she remembers that she *must* be there for the success of the final performance. She forgets herself in her enthusiasm for the game, or the debate, or the play, whether she be "in it," or on the side lines.

Suppose you have done all these things and have really helped your side; suppose you have used all your intelligence, and all your energy, and still you have lost. What then? Why then you are ready to display another quality of good manners, more difficult than the first. It is the ability to be a good loser. Have you ever sat in the grand stand and listened to remarks against the winning team? Perhaps you thought, "How rude!", or "What a (Continued on page 34)

Happy Birthday

The first Girl Scouts, the White Rose Troop, were organized on
March twelfth, 1912—and the birthday of the Girl Scouts



THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN ENTRANCE DANCE WHICH WAS PERFORMED BY CALIFORNIA GIRL SCOUTS AS PART OF THE PAGEANT OF THE NATIONS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 28



A FEW TURKEY-FEATHERS AND A BLANKET APIECE CHANGE THE MEMBERS OF TROOP TEN, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA INTO FLESH-AND-BLOOD INDIANS WHO MANAGE TO ENJOY THEMSELVES HUGELY



TROOP FIVE OF THE GIRL SCOUTS OF CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND IS LEARNING THE ART OF BOOKBINDING, WITH THE HELP OF THE LIBRARIAN WHO WILL SOON BE HELPED IN TURN BY HER PRESENT PUPILS

THERE IT GOES! THESE GIRL SCOUTS WILL SOON IDENTIFY THE LITTLE SONGSTER WITH THE AID OF FIELD GLASSES AND THEIR "BIRD-FINDER"



THE TWO WILL BE THIRD BIRTHDAY AMERICAN THE DAY OF THE LAY AND PLAT



ndy, Girl Scouts!

se Troop were organized in Savannah, Georgia on
hday the occasion for many joyous celebrations



COLONIAL COSTUME IS ALWAYS VERY ATTRACTIVE AND WIGS ARE EASILY MADE OUT OF COTTON-WOOL AS THE MEMBERS OF TROOP TWO, FROSTBURG, MARYLAND DISCOVER FOR THEMSELVES



THE TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY OF OUR AMERICAN SCOUTS. THE DAY WILL BE CELEBRATED IN THE CORNERS OF THE LAKE WITH CAKE AND PLAY PARTIES



THE ENGLISH DANCE IN THE PAGEANT OF NATIONS, SHOWING HOW TWO FOUNDATION GARMENTS WERE ADAPTED FOR ALL NATIONAL COSTUMES



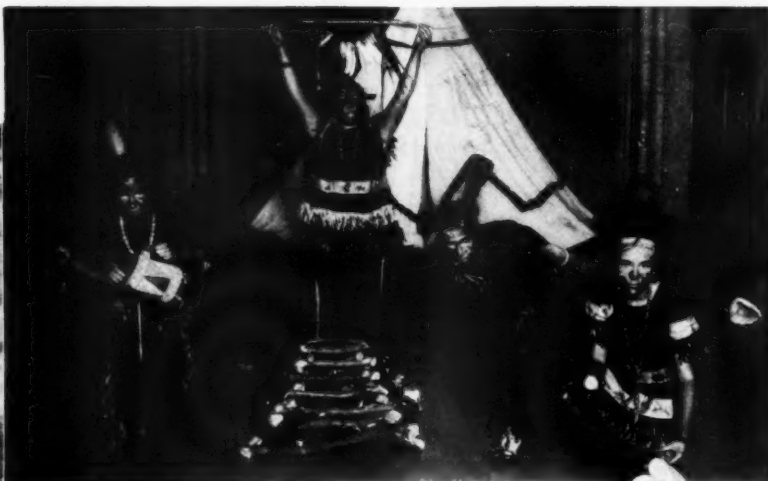
THE SEQUOIA TROOP OF NORTH BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA PERFORMING THE GAY GERMAN DANCE DESCRIBED ON PAGE 28 AS THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO THE PAGEANT



TROOPS OF PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN ALSO HAVE GOOD TIMES AS THESE JOLLY-LOOKING BROWNIES AT THE SHRINER'S HOSPITAL IN HONOLULU, HAWAII ASSURE YOU WITH A SMILE

Spring's Around the Corner

COLUMBUS GIRL SCOUTS AT THEIR PERMANENT CAMP SITE, OBSERVING THE HABITS OF CAROLINA WRENS



TROOP 197, CHICAGO IN A MEDICINE MAN DANCE FROM THEIR PLAY, "THE TRIBE OF THE RED ROSE"

FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL

(From an account written by Mrs. C. E. Phelan, Director)

SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA:

Folk dancing was chosen as the entertainment for the 1934 Spring Court of Awards; and the account which follows gives the conception, organization, and costs of the festival as presented by the Girl Scouts of San Mateo, Burlingame, and Hillsborough.

Eight nations were represented, and in order to give continuity and climax to the Festival a unified arrangement of dances was established. At the call of bugles the English flag bearer entered, taking the center of the stage. The English dancers followed immediately, dancing the Tidswell Processional. The dance over, they took their stand at the head of the room, acting as hostesses to the other seven nations. Bugles announced the entrance of each national flag-bearer. As each flag was presented, the English dancers saluted, whereupon groups of the nation announced entered with a characteristic dance, and their flag bearer took position at the head of the hall with all the other flags and the buglers. Upon finishing, each group of dancers took specified places.

The following dances were used for the processionals: *England*—Tidswell Processional Morris. *France*—Farandola, *Bon jour, bella Rosina*. The dancers follow the leader up and down the streets of the village, through garden paths, or even through houses. Men, women and children join in the procession, until it winds up in the place for general dancing. *Denmark*—Two jumps (Country around Tarm, Jutland). This was danced the day after a wedding. Old and young formed a row, hand in hand, an elderly man leading, the bride at his right, next the bridegroom, and then the others, the youngest coming last. *Czechoslovakia*—*Kdym Ism Jel Do Praby I* (When I Rode to Prague). *Ireland*—The Wind that Shakes the Barley. *Germany*—Marching. *Sweden*—Swedish Polka. *America*—America the Beautiful.

A crippled girl, wheeled by one of her comrades, carried in the American colors. Everyone in the hall stood, and joined in singing *America the Beautiful*. This concluded the first part of the program.

Each troop now entertained with appropriate dances of the country represented: *England*—Gathering Peascods; The Butterfly. *Czechoslovakia*—*Satecek* (The Handkerchief); *Janko* (John). *Germany*—*Alle Schwarzen Brüder* (All Black Brothers); *Freut euch des Lebens* (Life Let Us Cherish). *France*—*Jibi-Di, Jibi-Da*; *Sur le Pont D'Avignon*. *Sweden*—*Klappdans* (Clap Dance); *Gotlands Qua-*

drille; *Ox Dance* (Swedish Hazing Dance for boys or men who try hard to outdo each other, but end up the best of friends). *Ireland*—The Waves of Tory (Tory is an island off the coast of Donegal. Visitors are rare because of the rough and dangerous crossing. The dance which takes its name from these "Waves of Tory" has a figure supposed to represent waves); *Bon Fire Dance* (Around the Bon Fire on St. John's Eve). *Denmark*—Cross Four Dance; Six Dance. *America*—John Brown; Pop Goes the Weasel.

The third part of the program was the usual Court of Awards, with recognition of the First Class Girl Scouts by the director, presentation of silver stripes by the regional director, and presentation of Golden Eaglets by the commissioner. A thrilling climax came when, at the bugle call to colors, all flag bearers took their stand in the center of the hall facing the audience. Around them in four concentric circles all girls were massed, regardless of nationality, to sing taps.

Organization

AUTUMN WORK

1. Original plan approved by council and leaders.
2. One person chosen to act as folk dance festival director.
3. Selection and assignment of dances to each troop.
4. Hostess troops issued invitations of original design to all other troops, requesting their participation.
5. Instruction of troops begun, festival director visiting each troop to demonstrate the dance.
6. Music for the dances copied and issued to each troop.

SPRING WORK

1. Constant practice in troop meetings with leader.
2. Regular supervision by festival director at troop meetings.
3. Mass rehearsals at hall where festival was held: one rehearsal for each nation, involving only two or three troops at a time—altogether eight rehearsals; one general rehearsal for music, buglers, flag bearers, troop leaders, and patrol leaders. At no time before the performance was it necessary to have all the Scouts assembled.

COSTUMES, simple and charming.

1. A costume designer made one basic unbleached muslin pattern to be used for all the girl-costumes, and one basic shorts pattern for all the boy-costumes.
2. The girl-costume foundation was a loose one-piece garment of unbleached muslin with a draw string at the neck, and set-in bell-shaped sleeves. Variations were made by means of headdresses, aprons, scarves of bright sateen or crêpe paper.
3. Foundation shorts for boy-costumes were of colored cambric; example, green for Ireland. Variations were made with bright colored suspenders and sashes; example, England, white unbleached muslin shorts with crossed suspenders—one blue and one red. White shirts were worn with all shorts.

Get outdoors, if you can, for trailing and tracking; if it's still too cold, why not a play, or a party or pageant indoors?



TROOP 55, MILWAUKEE FINDS A TREASURE OF CANDY BARS TIED TO A TREE NEAR THE END OF THE TRAIL AT CAMP ALICE CHESTER



A GROUP OF GIRL SCOUTS WHO COME FROM COLUMBUS IDENTIFY THE LEAFLESS TREES BY A STUDY OF THE TWIGS

THIS TROOP, ON A DAY TRIP TO THEIR CAMP SITE, ARE IDENTIFYING NEW RABBIT TRACKS



GIRL SCOUTS OF ALMA, WISCONSIN CELEBRATE MARCH TWELFTH, THE GIRL SCOUT BIRTHDAY

4. Method of construction: A factory volunteered to cut all basic costumes in three sizes; large, medium, small. Trimmings were cut by a committee of eight women. All costumes assembled and distributed to troops according to nation. Each girl sewed her own costume. Each troop leader had notified committee of the numbers and sizes of costumes required. This information was obtained before cutting. Cost to each Scout was 35c.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Music*—Piano and two violins with six rehearsals volunteered. Bugles were volunteered by two Boy Scouts. *Invitations* in rhyme were sent by the council to civic leaders and groups interested in Girl Scouts. *Decorations*—greens banked at the head of the hall made a satisfactory background for English dancers, buglers, and flag standards. *Properties*—Flag standards and flags, 3' x 5', rented to insure uniformity.

STATISTICS

1 Festival Director—volunteer (trained person). 1 Costume Director—volunteer (trained person). 8 nations represented. 20 troops participated. 450 girls took part. Innumerable volunteers helped with music, costumes, etc. Audience of townspeople—825 persons. Total cost to each girl 35c.

Total cost of production—

Costumes—450 at 35c	\$157.50
Flags and standards, rental	8.00
Invitations—Hectographed—76	
Paper	.25
Postage (11½c stamps)	1.14
Programs—Mimeographed—850	
Stencils (2)	.32
Ink	.50
Paper (17 pkgs. construction paper at 35c)	5.95
Loud-speaker system	2.50
Total.....	176.16



A HARDY BUNCH OF GIRL SCOUTS FROM HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT BRAVES THE EARLY SPRING WEATHER TO SPEND A WHOLE SATURDAY IN THE WOODS, ENJOYING A HEARTY LUNCH COOKED OUT-OF-DOORS

The Gold Flower-Basket

(Continued from page 14)

John's grasp, and took one step in the direction of the living room. "Take your hand off me! Do you suppose anyone's going to stop me from getting my pin back when it's been stolen?"

John barred the narrow hall with his arm. "I'm going to stop you," he said.

Sally raised a furious face, then suddenly quailed before John's eye. She saw, in that flash, a new side of Jock Bacon. She looked down, twisting her handkerchief between her hands, and her body lost its tenseness.

"All right. I won't," she mumbled. "But I wouldn't do it for anyone else but you, Jock," she added brokenly.

There were tears in her voice, and John's face softened. "Take it standing, Sally," he urged. "Can't you see you're gumming the game?"

Sue tried to save the situation. "Suppose we have supper now, Phyl, while there's some heat left in the muffins. We can go on searching afterward. I'll warm up the cocoa."

"All right," murmured Phyl. "Bring in the chicken, Red."

THE supper table was a work of art. Phyl and Meg had outdone themselves in making it lovely. Streamers of blue, green, and orchid radiated from the chandelier to the four corners, and there were blue candles in silver sticks. In memory of the beloved "Island," pastel-colored mints nestled in paper sea shells, and the place cards were tiny boats, the names lettered on the sails.

But the party, which the girls had anticipated so gaily, had turned to ashes. Failure and mortification stared them in the face. Sally had effectually "gummed the game." And now, seated between the candles at the table's head, Phyl found her rôle of hostess a hard one. There was a lump in her throat, and she could think of little to say.

The chicken and muffins were passed, it is true, and Phyl poured the cocoa from Aunt Marcia's tall Dresden chocolate-pot. The salad would have been acclaimed delicious if food could have held the attention of any member of the company, except, of course, the two unconscious ones who had been searching the living room while the disturbing scene was being enacted. No one believed Sally, everyone thought her behavior outrageous, everyone was certain that Annette was innocent, and yet—where was the pin?

Meg and Sue sat shocked and speechless. Sally's eyes were fastened glumly on her plate. John, usually not over talkative, was voluble. Ace was unhelpfully silent, while Sandy and Red, to cover their embarrassment, plied Annette with attentions almost

feverish. In contrast to the genuine gayety of the supper preparations, an atmosphere of nervous tension prevailed, for the "Squibnocketers," all of whom knew Sally's failing, were apprehensive lest she reiterate her devastating charge.

"The wishbone!" Sandy sprang up and hustled to the kitchen. Returning, he dangled the brittle object above the heads of the company. "Now for the lady o' m' choice," he clowned. "Tremble, females!" He hesitated tantalizingly, then bowed low before Annette. "Miss Jacquard!"

staring at the muffin in her fingers. Red, observing her, noted the flush which rose upward from the neck of her dress, slowly suffused her face and ears, and crept to the roots of her hair.

The snow swirled softly against the window-panes, and still Sally sat without moving. Sandy was laughing a loud "Ha, ha!" There was a tinkling trickle from the spout of the Dresden chocolate-pot—someone was having a second cup of cocoa. When at last she found her voice, it was dry and dull. "Why, here's my pin. In the muffin.

It must have dropped into the batter when I was beating it."

Around the table ran a whisper of sharply indrawn breath, and the company rose as one, stood on tiptoe, and bent toward Sally as she lifted the pin and shook off the clinging muffin-fragments.

Annette Jacquard uttered a shrill cry. "I've got my wish! I've got it! That was it! This is such a splendid party, and you've all been so nice to me, that I couldn't bear to have one single shadow on it. So I wished that *le bon Dieu* would send back Sally's pin, and here it is!" She skipped around the table, seized Sally in a whirlwind hug, and kissed her on the cheek. Sally pushed back her plate, and rested her head on the table on folded arms.

John Bacon's voice broke the tension. "Good girl, Annette!" He waved a casual hand. "Ladies and gentlemen! Let us celebrate the solving of the Great Brooch Mystery in a fitting way. How about a little dance?"

"Splendid!" agreed Phyl. "That's just the thing."

Red sprang to the radio, and the strains of a stirring fox-trot vibrated through the room. Sandy dashed for the accordion, then abandoned his idea of accompanying the radio, and led Meg out on the kitchen floor. John took a rescuing step to Sally's side, and with a strong arm

swept her to her feet.

"May I have the pleasure, Miss Burke?" he inquired.

Without a word, she fell into step beside him.

"Say," muttered Sandy, backing Meg into the gas-range, as John whirled Sally around the kitchen, "I'll bet Somebody's feeling pretty cheap right now—after all that fussing. I wouldn't want to be in her shoes, no sir!"

Meg nodded. "I feel kind of sorry for her, though. And I think Jock does, too."

"Uh, huh!" agreed Sandy, colliding with the tubs. "I guess that's about right. Jock Bacon sure is one good egg. For the matter of that, you're not so bad yourself, Meg—after what Sally did to you and Phyl!"

We Need Your Help!

DEAR GIRLS: Here is a chance to help your Down magazine, and to win a cash prize at the same time with very little effort on your own part. Turn to page 50 of this issue where you will find an interesting questionnaire—easy to fill out—with most of the questions to be answered by *yes* or *no*, or by check marks. We should like you to cut this out, answer it fully, and mail it to us. It is about the kinds of food you and your family eat, and about your own personal influence in family buying. Four similar questionnaires, on other subjects, will appear in the April, May, June and July issues, and we want you to answer them all.

You are wondering, of course, why we want to know what you eat, and whether your mother lets you help choose what brand of any food product is bought at the stores. The answer is that we need to know the absolute truth on these questions in order to show manufacturers just what they are doing when they advertise in THE AMERICAN GIRL. So please, every one of you, answer the questionnaire on page 50, and mail it to us according to directions on that page. It will help us very much, and we shall be grateful. You may be sure your answers will be treated as confidential. Always your friend,

THE EDITOR.

Flattered and laughing, Annette daintily pinched one end of the little bone between her finger tips. She turned up her eyes to the ceiling, beat her breast, then giggled excitedly. "I've wished. Have you?"

One hand to his forehead in an attitude of profound thought, Sandy nodded solemnly.

The bone parted with a tiny "ping," and Annette sat holding the lucky end. She bounced in her chair with glee. "I'm going to get my wish! Poor Sandy, I am sorry for you."

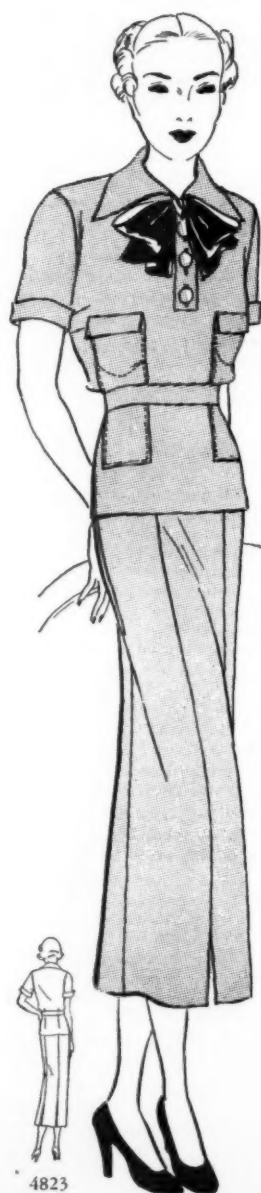
Sally raised a sullen eye. "Seems as if she's getting everything around here," she muttered sarcastically.

Red, her neighbor on the right, hastily passed her the muffins. She took one, and broke it open, then froze into immobility,

Cutting the Cost of Spring Chic

Smart New Fashions for sports, classroom and afternoon wear—easy and inexpensive to make

IT'S quite a problem—planning a smart spring wardrobe at a cost that won't ruin your clothes allowance for weeks to come! The best way to solve it is with needle and thread, scissors, smart fabrics, and a few good patterns. Here are three brand new fashions that are almost a complete wardrobe in themselves. For classes—a linen two-piece frock with comfortable short sleeves, a jaunty bow, and clever patch pockets. It's nice in a gay plaid gingham, too. For afternoon tea and informal parties—a bright crinkled silk with such soft details as shirred neckline and sleeves, and a petal-like collar. And for sports, we suggest the three-piece outfit at the right—a pullover blouse, pleated shorts, and a wrap-around skirt that buttons at the waistline. Choose plaid gingham or peasant linen for this.



4829—SPORTS ENSEMBLE 25 CENTS. SIZES 12 TO 20; 30 TO 42. SIZE 14 REQUIRES 5 YARDS 36-INCH PLAID MATERIAL FOR THE BLOUSE, SKIRT AND SHORTS

4855—FROCK 15 CENTS. SIZES 12 TO 20; 30 TO 38. SIZE 14 REQUIRES 2 3/4 YARDS 39-INCH MATERIAL, 3/8 YARD 39-INCH CONTRAST FOR COLLAR (SINGLE)

4823—FROCK 15 CENTS. SIZES 12 TO 20; 30 TO 38. SIZE 14 REQUIRES 3 1/2 YARDS 36-INCH MATERIAL, 3/8 YARD 39-INCH CONTRASTING FOR THE BOW TIE

When You Don't Want to Serve Meat

Try Some of These Hearty Main Dishes in its Place

I SUPPOSE everyone who has a reputation for knowing good food has the same experience that I do. No matter where I go, whether to luncheons, teas, or dinners, someone is sure to find me out, and before long is holding forth on his or her diet, or on the special diet of a friend or relative. Meatless menus have always interested me, and across the table I have picked up many an idea for main dishes that are both nourishing and good, that will fit into many family meals at the Lenten season, and most of which will serve equally well at any time during the year.

Fish, of course, leads the procession of meatless dishes and, during Lent, fresh fish is always plentiful, and usually can be had in greater variety than at any other season. No matter what way you cook it—fry it, broil it, boil it, steam it, or bake it—the most important thing to remember about cooking fresh fish is that you must use a high heat, and cook quickly. You can find directions for all the regular methods in any complete cook book.

The recipes I am giving you include both fresh and canned fish in combination hot and cold dishes, any one of which will make a main dish about which a meatless menu may be planned. I often use a hearty soup such as Manhattan Clam Chowder, or Black Bean Soup, for the main dish at luncheon, and serve, in addition, only a salad and a simple dessert. My friends all like what they call my "soup-salad-dessert" meals. The other recipes using cheese, corn meal, and tomatoes will give you some nice variations to make meatless meals appetizing and interesting.

Black Bean Soup

- 2 cups black beans
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 quarts cold water
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- 1½ tablespoons flour
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon mustard
- ¼ dash of cayenne
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, finely diced
- 1 lemon, thinly sliced

Wash beans and soak overnight. Sauté onion in 1½ tablespoons butter 5 minutes. Drain beans. Add cold water, onion, and celery. Simmer 3 to 4 hours, or until beans are tender, adding water as needed. Remove from fire and force through fine sieve. Melt remaining 1½ tablespoons butter, add flour, and stir until smooth. Add a small amount soup mixture, stirring well. Reheat to boiling, stirring frequently, and



By
JANE CARTER

add seasonings. Add lemon juice to eggs, and let stand a few minutes to season. Serve soup, garnishing each portion with a small amount of egg and a slice of lemon. Serves 8

Scalloped Oysters

- 4 cups fine soft bread crumbs
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ dash of pepper
- ¼ dash of paprika
- ½ cup melted butter
- 1 pint oysters, drained
- ⅓ cup oyster liquor
- ½ cup milk

Combine bread crumbs, salt, pepper, and paprika. Add butter, tossing lightly to mix well. Sprinkle ⅓ of crumbs in bottom of greased baking dish. Arrange ½ of oysters on crumbs. Sprinkle second third of crumbs over oysters. Add remaining oysters. Combine oyster liquor and milk and pour over oysters. Top with remaining crumbs, and sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) 30 minutes. Serves 8.

Tuna and Celery Soufflé

- 4½ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
- 1¼ teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup celery, finely cut
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup tuna fish, flaked
- 3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine dry ingredients, celery, and milk

in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (allow 3 to 5 minutes), cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add fish and egg yolks. Fold in egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish. Place in pan of hot water; bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) 60 minutes. Serves 8.

Deviled Shrimp

- 2 teaspoons minced onion
- ½ cup melted butter
- 2 cups chopped canned shrimp
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- ½ teaspoon mustard
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ dash of cayenne
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups top milk
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1 cup buttered bread crumbs

Sauté onion in butter until delicately browned. Add shrimp, paprika, mustard, salt, cayenne, and flour. Mix well. Add milk and cook slowly until thickened, stirring constantly. Add eggs. Place in small greased ramekins or scallop shells, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and bake in hot oven (425 degrees Fahrenheit) 15 minutes, or until brown. Serve at once. Serves 6.

Salmon Mousse

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1¾ cups warm water
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup salmon, flaked
- 1 cup cucumber, diced, slightly salted, and drained
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ½ cup cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water, and beat with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise. May be served with cucumber sauce, made by folding ¼ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 2 tablespoons vinegar, and 1 cucumber, chopped and drained, into ½ cup cream, whipped.

Apple and Tuna Fish Salad

- 2 apples, pared and diced
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 2 cups tuna fish, flaked
- 1½ cups celery, diced
- ¾ cup mayonnaise

Sprinkle apples with lemon juice. Add tuna fish and celery; then mayonnaise. Toss together lightly. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Garnish with strips of green pepper.

Manhattan Clam Chowder

- 2 dozen fresh clams
- Boiling water
- 4 potatoes, diced
- 3 medium onions, sliced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, finely diced
- 2 slices salt pork, diced
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups canned tomatoes, pulp and juice

Wash clams thoroughly. Place in kettle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water and cover closely. Steam only until clams are well opened. Remove from fire. Drain, reserving liquor, and cut clams in small pieces. Add potatoes, onions, and celery to 2 quarts boiling water, and cook together 15 minutes. Try out salt pork until golden brown. Add pork and drippings, clams and clam liquor, seasonings, and tomatoes to potato mixture and cook all slowly 1 hour. Serves 8.

Cheese Waffles with Tomatoes

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons combination baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk
- 5 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk. Add to flour, beating only until smooth. Add shortening and cheese. Fold in egg whites. Bake in hot waffle iron. Place a slice of grilled tomato on each section. Makes 4 four-section waffles. Diced uncooked bacon may be sprinkled over batter before closing the iron.

Southern Spoon Bread

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn meal
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2 teaspoons combination baking powder

Place corn meal, salt, and butter in bowl, add boiling water slowly, and beat until smooth. Add milk, eggs, and baking powder. Mix well. Turn into greased casserole or pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) 40 to 50 minutes.

Fried Mush

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups yellow corn meal
- 3 teaspoons salt
- $5\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple syrup

Combine corn meal, salt, and 1 cup water in upper part of double boiler, and mix well. Add remaining water and syrup, and cook over direct heat until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Place over hot water, cover closely, and cook 2 hours longer. Turn into loaf pan which has been wet with cold water. Let stand overnight or until thoroughly cold and firm. Turn from pan, slice in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices, dip in flour, and sauté in well-greased skillet, turning to brown both sides. Serve with butter and more syrup.



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Good Manners at School

(Continued from page 25)

poor sport!", or "They can't take it." Don't give your opponents the chance to think the same kind of things about you.

Lots of people who are game enough about losing are insufferable as winners. Of course it's all right to look pleased when you win, but don't crow over your opponent. Look for the good points in his game, and be ready to admire them. It doesn't take any ability at all to find weaknesses in others; sometimes, though, it takes real ability to discover their good qualities; and it takes a forceful and generous personality to admire them.

All through the years of school, you look forward to graduation. It is an occasion you will always remember. It is the high spot of your school life. And, for that reason, it ought to be worth remembering and virtually perfect in every detail.

In many schools, the Commencement festivities have become customary and traditional; that is, they follow the same plan, year after year, and are especially delightful and interesting on that account. If this is the case in your school, you need only to fall into the spirit of the affair, and help make it a success by your enthusiasm. If, on the other hand, your class is expected to vote about the clothes to be worn, the flowers to be chosen, or the parties to be given, here are some things to consider.

The graduation dress should be simple in style, and of dainty white material. If Commencement exercises take place in the day time, the dress usually has sleeves. If the exercises take place at night, the dress is often more of a party frock, such as would be suit-

able after Commencement for summer dances.

In many schools there are other festivities besides graduation. It is especially important that every member of the class have a good time at all of these. If some do not enjoy dancing, plan a swimming party, or a picnic, where everyone can have an equal share of fun. The class officers, or members of the committees, are by right of office hosts and hostesses of the occasion, but of course it's up to every girl in the class to help make the party a success.

The school usually has the Commencement invitations engraved. Members of the senior class are given a limited number of these. When sending them out, a girl encloses her card. The card should be engraved with her name, prefixed by "Miss," as "Miss Jane Brown." It is not correct to have the card read, "Jane Brown."

If flowers are allowed at the school, it is far better that every girl have the same type of bouquet. Sometimes the bouquets carry out the school colors. To many people, the idea of flowers is so firmly connected with Commencements that they think it necessary to respond to a Commencement invitation with a bouquet. If you are not a member of the graduating class yourself, but have friends among the seniors, remember that the sending of flowers, while a pleasant thing to do, is unnecessary. By all means, however, you must acknowledge the invitation by a note of congratulation. Such a note is an easy thing to write, and is a gracious way of showing friendship and cordiality.

At many schools Commencement gifts are discouraged. If they are the custom at your school, you'll want to give your friends some

remembrance, of course; or if you are a graduate, you will receive presents from your friends. Expensive or showy presents, however, are never in good taste. Give some little personal gift, something you have made yourself, or something that you happen to know is just the thing your friend would love to have. She may be fond of the tales of Robert Louis Stevenson; she may admire hand-woven bags; or she may have a hankering for a sweet little box for her dressing table. Try to find out by observing her tastes, so that your gift will show your thoughtfulness and genuine interest.

And now, before we close this talk about manners at school, let's stand off for a minute and look at this school of yours. What do you see there that you can be proud of? What things would you like to be different, or better? Schools are like people—just as varied in their characteristics. Since it is *your* school, and you help to make it what it is, you might just as well try to have it the kind you can be proud of. Is it a school that ranks well in scholarship? Do you enter into that as heartily as you can? Is it a friendly school? Have you a good basketball team? Is there a pleasant atmosphere in the corridors—or a lot of unnecessary noise? It's pretty young, you know, to go around making oneself conspicuous by shouting, and wisecracking, and all that sort of thing. Of course you don't want to be a reformer, or an uplifter, but still, school *is* your party. And if you have personality, and are a leader, you can do a great deal to set fashions that will make your school a more delightful place for yourself and for everyone.

The Heedless Haydens

(Continued from page 22)

All Souls' Day. On this day old Mary Martha's every breath was a prayer for those who had gone before. The rosary of Job's Tears clicked in her fingers, her own soft tears followed the deepest lines down her cheeks. "Laura, turn my risin' there on the back of the stove . . . and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God . . ."

Laura often tried to hush Mary Martha's praying out loud. "Don't pray so loud—the Professor'll hear you." Another thing that worried Laura was that tears came so easily to Mary Martha's eyes. "I don't see why you have to let the tears come."

Mary Martha aimed a floury spoon at her. "Hush, you brazen *omadhaun*, my heart is full and running over with tears—some for pain, and some for happiness." She murmured, "Ah, beware of a woman who never sheds a tear."

On the evening of All Souls' Day, when Bendy was preparing to take the cream in, Mary Martha handed her a shabby prayer book. "God love you, dear, find me the novena for the suffering souls," she said.

Bendy turned the thin old pages, impatient that many of them were worn loose from the binding and had to be turned slowly and carefully. On a page she saw these words, "*Set a watch, Oh Lord, before my mouth, and a door round about my lips.*"

Was this prayer worded for giddy girls like herself? "*Set a watch, Oh Lord, before*

my mouth, and a door round about my lips!"

Because, in spite of all her protestations of scorn and indifference to the old-maidish neighbor who thought of nothing but his horses and fences, she could never quiet that vague desire that he think of her as more than a heedless Hayden, more than a deliverer of milk and butter. Sometimes, when she stopped at the Dwight ranch, Bendy dawdled in the roomy, spicy kitchen, hoping Thomassa would mention her Don Jimmy. And, of course, Thomassa did. "Don Jimmy, she go bring the Pale Rosa mare in. Don Jimmy is fear for Pale Rosa to be in storm."

This evening when Bendy was carrying in the big covered bucket of milk, Don Jimmy came from the corrals. "The fire in Bernardo's vitals is out," he said. "Your milk has quenched it."

"I feel just like a fire department." Bendy managed a smile at him, but it was suddenly hard for her to breathe. Was this then the end of her using his car, her stopping every second or third evening?

"And now that Bernardo no longer has a fire in his vitals, we won't need so much milk. Just enough for Thomassa's cat. Thomassa leans more to red pepper in her cooking than milk."

"You'll want cream for your coffee, won't you?"

He called back as he started toward the barn, "No, I drink it black." Then he went on about his work at the barn, and Bendy

had a feeling that he had dismissed her with a "Be on your way, Milk Lady."

Afterwards, when she stopped with Madame Parthene's buttermilk, Madame insisted that she come in, and let her measurements be taken. Madame's pale eyes were bright with delight as she slipped the tape measure over Bendy's young slimmness. "My, I used to hate making dresses for fat, flabby people."

Three evenings later, when the cold air was damp against Bendy's cheek, Madame Parthene with Winnie, the little white Spitz, under her arm, came out for milk. "Come on in, Bendy," she said. "It's ready to try on."

To Bendy, the interior of this little mail-order bungalow held a strange, exotic atmosphere. In no other home on the plains did one smell incense, or sink far down into an upholstered chair with shirred rose silk pillows tucked into the hollow of one's back. Madame Parthene was the only woman on the plains who kept her hair curled, who wore her rings every day, who used bath salts. "And she even gives the dog a bath!" scoffed the homesteader's wife, who wasn't any too regular about baths for her seven.

Bendy stood before the triple mirror in Madame Parthene's dressing table, and stared at her reflection there. It was a dress Madame had measured her for. But not a dress, the dress.

"See there!" Madame said exultantly. "See, how that dress transfigures you. I

knew it would. The minute I saw the goods, I said to George, 'I can just see Bendy Hayden in that.' They sent me this piece of taffeta by mistake for my drapes. I told them a changeable taffeta with shades of golden brown."

"But this is blue," breathed Bendy.

A gray blue, like a sky deepening before a storm; a lavender blue, like the mists that hung low over distant Pike's Peak. It had a soft crispness, too, like a baby's nainsook dress, very lightly starched. A cast of golden russet played over it and through it, holding in the small shadows of puffed sleeves a deeper reddish brown.

"It's perfect," said Madame Parthene. "That rust shade to bring out your hair. Turn around—yes, I can take it up a little through the hips. Don't you like the sleeves—so full and short?"

"It's beautiful," said Bendy slowly. "It seems as though it was born—not made—for me. Did you have a pattern?"

"I never use a pattern," Madame said loftily. "I saw a picture of this in my *Paris Pictorial*."

Bewitching, that dress, in its very inconsistency! The naiveness of the short, puffed sleeves, and little-girl round neck, contradicted by the shaped bodice, and long, softly-hanging full skirt.

"You shouldn't have done it, Madame Parthene! I can never bring enough milk to pay for this."

"I didn't do it for milk, child," Madame Parthene put her arms around the girl, and Bendy felt against her own cheek, still damp from the evening air, the withered fragrance of Madame's. "You are so young and lovely, Bendy. Sometimes—out here—I get hungry to see loveliness. . . . Maybe I'd better let out the band on the sleeve a little for dancing."

There was to be a Grange dance Armistice night.

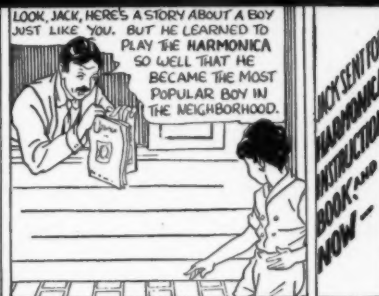
Bendy caught her breath. For from the moment her head had come through the neck of that dress, and she had seen her copper-colored hair take on soft russet shadows, and her blue eyes pick out the lavender blue of the dress, her heart had ached to have Jim Thorne see her wearing it. Maybe she *did* look like the lovely Lady Brenda about whom Mary Martha murmured so often!

Jim Thorne had always seen her in blue shirts and shapeless corduroys. Surely, if he saw her in this dress, he wouldn't think of her as a harum-scarum Hayden, or just a deliverer of milk to his Mexican servant. The desire in Bendy's seventeen-going-on-eighteen-year-old heart that Jim should admire her in the dress, left no room for anything else—even for remembering that, as Laura said, she was holding the Hayden trust, and that she had vowed to put the Rocking Chair back on its wobbly rockers.

Was Bendy really forgetting the ranch and her dairy-herd? Had she completely forgotten the money she borrowed from the bank? More about it in the next installment.

INTERNATIONAL camps will be held in Brussels, from July 20 to 30; in Belfast from July 18 to 29; and in Poland from July 11 to 25. American Girl Scouts are asked to send delegates. See February AMERICAN GIRL, page 39. For full information write Mrs. Lyman Delano, Chairman International Committee, Girl Scouts Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

OUR LEADING LADYBIRD

Amelia Earhart, the world's leading woman flyer, has an incurable habit of being first. She was the first woman to cross the Atlantic by airplane when, in 1928, she made a transoceanic flight as a passenger with Wilmer Stultz and Louis Gordon. Four years later she was the first woman to fly the Atlantic alone. Also she was the first of her sex to get an international pilot's license, first to



fly an autogyro, first to make a non-stop solo flight from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. And, most recent of her achievements, she was the first person—man or woman—to fly alone from Hawaii to California.

So she hasn't won just a laurel or two—she's bagged a whole grove of them.

She likes to be called "Miss Earhart," but she is the wife of George Palmer Putnam, New York publisher. They were married in 1931. She was born in Atchison, Kansas thirty-six years ago—daughter of a Los Angeles attorney. Her father traveled much, taking his family with him. So Amelia went to no less than six different high schools and three colleges.

She took her first flying lessons near Los Angeles. Later, she is said to have pawned her fur coat and her jewelry to get the money for her first plane.

Her mother takes her perilous flights calmly. "Amelia and I like trying things," she tells her friends. Apparently, Miss Earhart intends to keep on "trying things." She says she has no intention of giving up long-distance flying.

BOYS CAN'T OUTTHINK GIRLS

"Boys have better brains than girls." That's what you'll sometimes hear people say. Just how wrong they are has been proved by numerous tests. The latest of these tests was made by Professor Paul A. Witte of Northwestern University. After a study of the intelligence of 14,149 boys and 13,493 girls, he concluded that, in mental ability, the sexes are equal.

Out of all those examined he found but forty-seven boys and forty-eight girls with minds in the "genius" class. Men and boys, he asserts, have no monopoly on genius.

DEATH ON LITTLE WINGS

The Department of Agriculture has set aside a fund of half a million dollars to fight a public enemy. The foe isn't a gangster. It is a malady afflicting elm trees. The Dutch elm disease, as it's called, has already killed great numbers of elms in many European countries. Now it's spreading in parts of Connecticut, New York, Maryland, and New Jersey.

It is caused by beetles which bore into bark. These insects bear on their legs and bodies spores of a destructive fungus. Flying long distances, they carry the fungus from sick trees to well ones.

When the plague attacks an elm, it turns the leaves yellow or brown, and marks the wood of the branches under the bark with characteristic brown streaks. In most cases, the tree dies within a few years. To keep the disease from spreading, plant pathologists, aided by the general public, have been destroying thousands of elms. President Roosevelt, always interested in trees, has been studying their work closely.

Experts believe that beetles from fungus-infected logs, sent from Europe for the making of certain veneers, first started the plague.

SPREAD OF A GREAT WHITE SPORT

It's strange that skiing—bringing, as it does, both health and thrills—didn't become popular in the United States long ago. It's only in the last four years that interest in "the Viking sport" has grown intense. So far, the young people of northern New England have led the way. During the last four winters the "snow trains" of the Boston



and Maine Railroad have hauled more than forty-two thousand skiers—most of them young—to sport centers in New Hampshire. These trains carry skiers out of Boston and back every Sunday. Starting early in the morning, they take their passengers into hilly, snow-covered country. Motor cars transport many others.

The Pacific Coast and the Middle West have begun to follow New England's lead.

New trails are being cut; new skiing clubs are springing up. American youth is fast becoming "ski-minded."

THIN AIR MAKES THIN THOUGHTS

To think straight, our brains need their normal oxygen. That's one of the conclusions reached by Dr. Maurice B. Visscher of the University of Illinois after studying experiments made on volunteers. In these tests, the obliging victims breathed air slightly deficient in oxygen. In every case, vision, hearing, equilibrium, and the reasoning faculty were startlingly affected. For example, a certain university professor, after breathing the "thin" air for many minutes, insisted that



four times four is twelve. He was very emphatic about it.

In this connection, it's interesting to note that Dr. Henry Norris Russell, one of America's foremost astronomers, is predicting that the earth's atmosphere will lose most of its oxygen. Surface rocks are steadily drawing it from the air. Already they've absorbed almost two-thirds of the total supply.

But we needn't worry. This process of exhaustion is comfortably slow. In fact, it will take about a billion years for the oxygen in the atmosphere to dwindle to one-thousandth of its present volume.

UNCLE SAM'S HOUSING HEADACHE

Americans coming back from England compare conditions in the United States with those in Great Britain—usually throwing few bouquets to their homeland. "What!" they exclaim. "No real progress in housing, yet? Why, England, Scotland, and Wales have put up four hundred and twenty thousand homes in the last nineteen months. That means dwellings, with heat and baths, for almost two million people. Americans should start doing something."

To all of which, of course, there's but one answer, "You're right. They should."

But how? Here are a few of the elements that make the American housing problem so knotty: The United States, so authorities say, needs some two million new homes. About sixteen million structures of all sorts are crying out for repairs. But expenditures for home building and renovation have fallen off almost ninety per cent, as compared to boom days. Strangely, in spite of depressed conditions in the building industries, build-

ing costs have stayed relatively high. The national income fell off about fifty per cent between 1929 and 1934. Building costs declined by only twelve.

What's the answer to the puzzle? Some find it in "pre-fabricated houses," inexpensive homes built by mass-production methods, shipped to distant points and set up in a few days. Others find a solution in the Government's low-cost housing drive.

YOUNGEST KING IN THE WORLD

King Peter II of Yugoslavia is the world's youngest monarch—only eleven. But his youth doesn't lead him to take his coming burdens lightly. He's a solemn little boy.

His daily schedule is a rigid affair. A simple breakfast is followed by a ride in the park on his pony. Then come four hours of study, an hour of recreation, then lunch. Three afternoons in the week he practices gymnastics with a group of boys his own age. On the other afternoons there are supervised games with his younger brothers. From four to six, if the weather is good, he takes a motor drive.

Before supper, Peter studies for an hour. There is nothing regal about his simple evening meal, and he goes to bed at nine.

Work and supervised amusements—these fill Peter's days. Though other boys may envy him, he can hardly be having much fun.

SQUIRRELS WILL BE SQUIRRELS

The parks of Greater New York are notably hospitable to squirrels. But hospitality has its limits, according to Mrs. Elizabeth Mandel of Far Rockaway, Queens. She thinks these rodents are much too much in evidence.

Mrs. Mandel owns a home thickly surrounded by trees. At least, she explains, she thought she owned it until she began to realize it belonged to some fifty gray squirrels who permitted her to live there. They had come down from the trees and taken possession. They'd gnawed holes in the roof, invaded the attic, and sent foraging parties below. When they ate up the cake left on a sideboard she let that pass. But when they chewed a Persian rug to rags she decided to act.

Then she got a jolt. She found that, by law, she could not shoot or trap the animals



except in the open hunting season. And she couldn't afford to wait till the season began. When she applied for a special permit to evict the squirrels, news of her plight got into print. Letters and telegrams of advice poured in. Motorists stopped at her door to assure her squirrels were "cute." She ought to be glad, they said, to have them with her.

At last, when she was close to despair, the permit arrived. Now, she's trying to trap the rodents. If she succeeds, she'll send them to Prospect Park, Brooklyn where, it's to be hoped, they won't miss their steam heat and nut cake.

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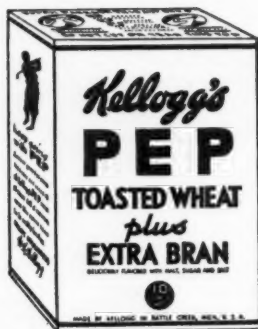
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THURSDAYS, 7:45 P.M., E.S.T. WJZ—N.B.C. Blue Network

David

(Continued from page 7)

successful completion of the Dickens picture. It was a far greater undertaking than *Little Women*, since England in 1830 had to be recreated in modern California, seven thousand miles away, and literally thousands of articles of the period had to be hunted up and sent to America. The transporting to California of the New England of Miss Alcott's time, to form a background for the March sisters, was as nothing compared with the complications of providing authentic settings and details for *David Copperfield*.

As soon as the producers had decided to let Mr. Selznick and Mr. Cukor go ahead with the Dickens picture, the Research Department was instructed to get together all available prints, and copies of drawings and steel engravings, which would show in detail English costumes and homes of the period. The department was also instructed to collect all the editions of *David Copperfield*, and especially the original little paper-covered volumes which were quaintly illustrated by an artist who called himself "Phiz."

Some of the pictures, they found, were so small that the architects and scene designers had to examine them with magnifying glasses. Many of the illustrations by "Phiz" were photographically enlarged to almost life-size, so that members of the Costume and Interior Decorating Departments could stand beside them and study each little bit of detail.

It was soon found, however, that it was not possible by this means to get enough of the details such as keyholes, door-knobs, carvings on the ends of roof-gables and the like, so a camera-man was instructed to go up and down England and make photographs, and collect what he could that would be useful in establishing the correct Dickens atmosphere for the picture. This he did and, for months, boxes of the most fascinating objects arrived every few days at the studio.

It was most important that the picture should be well cast, and so accurately costumed and set that lovers of Dickens would not be disappointed in it. The directors knew that they would have to leave out some people, like Tommy Traddles, but they did not propose to change any of the parts that were left in. They decided that the characters who were to appear on the screen should be there because they were able to look and play their parts as Dickens described them, and that these characters must be as individual, and as sharply different, one from the other, as they are in the book. For instance, if Nurse Peggotty was to be a round, comfortable person whose buttons kept popping off in her eagerness to make David and his mother happy, then she couldn't be allowed to resemble, in any way, the tall, thin-faced Aunt Betsey Trotwood with her ruffled cap, who never could

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Copperfield

get over the fact that David was not born a girl, though she did adopt him finally. And if Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, was to have bandy legs, a monocle on a string, and an elegant air in spite of his egg-like shape and threadbare garments, then he must be represented so, in striking contrast to the handsome, graceful young aristocrat, Steerforth, and the clumsy Ham, who went down together in the storm off the Yarmouth shore.

Elizabeth Allan, of England, was the first player to be chosen. Her part was that of David's mother, and she was promised her contract over a trans-Atlantic telephone. Others quickly followed: Lionel Barrymore for Dan Peggotty; Jessie Ralph for Nurse Peggotty; Herbert Mundin for Barkis, who was "willin'"; Maureen O'Sullivan for Dora, whose beauty and sweet helplessness entangled David's heart; Jean Cadell, English actress, for Mrs. Micawber, who "never would leave Mr. Micawber, not she nor the twins"; Lennox Pawle, as the slightly mad Mr. Dick, who lived at Dover at the home of Miss Trotwood (portrayed by Edna May Oliver). The part of the bloodless Uriah Heep was finally given to Roland Young; Marilyn Knowlden was chosen for little Agnes; W. C. Fields for Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, the gentleman who was always looking for "something to turn up"; and Madge Evans, the charming young star who used to be a well-known child actress (of whom I will tell you more in a moment), for the important rôle of Agnes, grown. And, of course, we must not leave out the Ponder babies who played the Micawber twins, nor Fay Chaldecott, selected for Emily as a baby. Nor four-day-old Eileen Ingles, who was shown for a moment on the screen to indicate that the baby, David Copperfield, had been born. It is said that she received seventy-five dollars for twenty minutes of her time.

Charles Dickens himself was a very good amateur actor who could easily have become famous on the stage. He loved everything that had to do with the theater, and in amateur productions he seems to have been the soul of everything—stage manager, stage carpenter, scene arranger, property man, prompter, hero, bandmaster—and, secondly, playwright. He was a whirlwind at thinking up costumes, and as neat as a paper of pins in keeping the costumes in order. When one of the various emissaries of the producers began to look around in London for ideas for men's costumes, he came across a whole group of sketches of costumes used by one of the amateur companies for which Dickens was responsible.

Designs for the costumes of the girls and women in the picture were found in old books, and also, as mentioned before, in Phiz's illustrations. For young ladies such as Dora and Mrs. Copperfield, the frilly, light dresses with (Continued on page 41)



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A Subject for Debate

WEST ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS: I think the January issue of our magazine was too wonderful for words! To begin with, there was such a darling cover. Couldn't we please have some more by Elizabeth Jones?

And the stories! *You're Only Young Once* and *Moon Coming Up* were the best, but the other two were interesting as well as very, very, exciting. I have only one request in regard to the stories, and that is, can't we have more of them?

But please don't mistake my meaning. Whatever you do, don't take out the articles to make room for stories, because that would be a calamity. January's articles were grand. At first I started to read *The Education of Jane Addams* without much interest for it sounded dull, but suddenly my interest quickened. It was fine. And as for *How Well Do You Talk?*—well, I don't think you can beat that, or any other article of the etiquette series. *Women in Medicine and Nursing* was also wonderful. So was *Three New Years in One*.

I am a Girl Scout—a very enthusiastic one—and so I am naturally interested in the different Girl Scout departments. They are fine, and I especially liked Georgietta Lamson's letter about her Girl Scout career.

And so, all in all, I think the January issue is the best I have read yet, and—oh, another thing I wanted to ask for. Couldn't we have some more articles about how to choose a career? I would like to see one about writing as a profession. Maybe you had one on this, though, for I only got the tail end of this series.

Valerie Saiting

Myrtle Enjoys the Haydens

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN: *The Heedless Haydens* are simply swell! I wish they were even more heedless, and I would love to have the young man next door fall in love with Betsy.

I loved *Moon Coming Up* and, honestly, I couldn't get along without the etiquette series. It seems that such useful topics are always chosen. But let's not have them on topics that happen most generally in the more wealthy girls' homes.

In Step With The Times is always cleverly written and is a good way to keep up with the world.

Myrtle Rhose Law

So Does Ann

SOUTH HILL, VIRGINIA: I just must write you how much I enjoyed the January issue of that swell magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I've only been taking it a year but, believe me, I certainly have enjoyed each issue. *You're Only Young Once* was awfully

good. So was *Moon Coming Up*, but better than any of these was the continued story, *The Heedless Haydens*. It keeps me in such suspense. *The Boiled Ham Mystery* was good, and I am looking forward to reading *The White Rabbit Mystery*.

Ann Montgomery

Real Stories

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY: After reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I always feel so happy! It has such real stories in it. By "real" I mean things that might happen to almost any one. Sometimes I feel that they might happen to me! I love that feeling.

I think that *You're Only Young Once* was the best story in the January issue, and that *Women in Medicine and Nursing* was the best article.

To make a long story short, I'll say that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is an ideal magazine, and I am sure the rest of the girls think so.

Ann S. Wood

A Thorough Examination

MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA: Although I finished *THE AMERICAN GIRL* the very first day I received it (I always do), I have just gone over it for a thorough examination. Really this is the one and only magazine that can stand that. It is swell! I do agree, however, with Margaret Rhodes—less articles and more stories! It must be hard, though, to please everybody. Some say, like myself, less articles and more stories, while others say less stories and more articles. Which is best? Maybe it would be better to leave it just like it is.

You're Only Young Once was swell, but I prefer *The Boiled Ham Mystery*. I love mysteries; let's have more of them. *The Heedless Haydens* is a good serial, but *Bright Lagoon* is "A Number One" on my list.

The covers by Elizabeth Jones are O. K. The September cover was especially good.

Be sure to keep up Jean and Joan. They are—well, I've just run out of adjectives. I guess that is a sign to close.

Alice Hayman

"Sweet and Sour"

HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS: After battling the elements in my attempt to reach hearth and home, I was overjoyed to find not only a cup of hot chocolate beside a roaring fire, but the January number of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. This seemed to me the cream of perfection, so I sat right down, cup in hand, and read every word! Observe below my comments, sweet and sour:

Cover—grand! Full of pep and punch. The girl doesn't look too much like a toothpaste advertisement.

Art Series—swell! Little Lizzie Lynch looks just like her name.

You're Only Young Once—that is one of the best short stories in quite a while. I like Joyce especially, and Briggs is darling. Ruth King's illustration of him is terribly cute. Incidentally, please have more of Ruth King's illustrations! They're swell.

Moon Coming Up was nice—not marvelous. I didn't like the illustrations by Robb Beebe very well. All in all, though, I honestly got scared wondering whether the "Estonia" would bump into "The Wanderer's" dories or not.

And now we come to *Well-Ordered Things* by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. I loved it! I'm just now reading his new book, *Lost Paradise*. This poem is something like the book. He is a grand writer!

The Education of Jane Addams was awfully interesting. I have heard a lot about Hull House and its founder, but nothing about Miss Addams's school days. One of the nicest bits in Winifred Wise's article was the part devoted to Jane Addams's graduation. I loved that part.

Somehow, I've never liked Betty Bliss as well as Ellen, or Scatter, or Em, or Jo Ann. She seems to me to be an earnest, "trying-to-be-like-a-real-detective-and-succeeding-very-well-for-an-amateur" sort of girl, and that's about all.

Beatrice Pierce is a lot of help with social problems and, certainly, *How Well Do You Talk?* should succeed in its mission. Sometimes I get very much het up trying to think of what I'll say to a boy at an approaching dance. Her articles have smoothed out many difficulties.

The Heedless Haydens is a very nice serial, interesting, moving, and certainly probable, but it isn't half as good as, (1) *The Room on the Roof*, (2) *The Log of the Altair*, (3) *Bright Lagoon*. Those three serials were the best, in my humble opinion, that I've read since I've been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Dr. Alsop's very interesting article was one of the best I've read—almost better than the *It's More Fun When You Know the Rules* Series, and *I Am a Girl Who—*. I have no intention of becoming either a doctor or a nurse, but that article made me feel more like studying some form of medicine than anything else ever has before.

Couldn't we have a movie page? Everybody knows how hard it is to worm things into a magazine, but a page for movie reviews would be swell. Please don't take my rather sour and nasty comments about a few features seriously, because, after all, it is only the nice things that count.

Pen Crosby

David Copperfield

(Continued from page 39)

their lace fichus, and pretty flounces caught up over hoop skirts by little rosettes and bows, were entirely appropriate and delightful. These are charming characters, but "lighter" than the steadfast Agnes, on whose loyalty to her father, to David, and to everyone else, the plot hangs. Agnes's clothes, while beautiful in material and workmanship, are plainer in the picture, and darker in color, than Dora's and Mrs. Copperfield's, and her hair is arranged simply.

"It was rather hard on me," said Miss Madge Evans, who created the part of Agnes, when I talked with her the other day in New York. "The costumes of that day were so beautiful, and I would have loved to wear the frilly ones. The overskirts were caught up with the most adorable, fluttery bows and clusters of flowers, and the waists were so soft and pretty." I could well imagine that it must have been a hardship to forego wearing anything so charming, for Miss Evans likes pretty things. I knew that from the smart blouse she was wearing, brown plaid frosted over with a silvery sheen, which carried out the tones of her hair and eyes.

"It was amusing, too, about my hairdress," she went on. "The Hairdress Department had charts of styles for that period, but we could not seem to find a picture of hair without curls. The Studio felt that since all of the pretty, clinging-vine girls were going to wear curls, Agnes must not. Finally we found one single, solitary plain hairdress. It had a coronet braid across the top, with the front parting continued down the back, and the back hair brought to the sides and braided into buns over the ears. I forgot to say that the wearer of this head-dress was permitted to wear bangs, the only coquettish touch which was allowed."

Miss Evans says that the picture lacks "fussiness," and that Mr. Cukor has made every possible effort to make it natural and realistic.

"We were not photographed in hazy, out-of-focus softening effects, for instance," she said, "but in straightforward lighting and focus."

There was little make-up used by the company. "The well-known Hollywood grooming was very much absent," said this girl who is widely liked by her associates because of her unaffected charm. "Every effort was made to keep us natural-looking as were the women of that period in England, and I must say the effect is refreshing."

But while the make-up was lighter, the costumes decidedly were not. "They were very heavy," Miss Evans went on. "In addition to four under-petticoats, and one top petticoat, all with their own quota of flowers and ruffles, there was a hoop frame, and an outside skirt with its folds and layers, and a waist with stays."

This young woman herself would have been able to play the part of Agnes as a child, a few years ago, if the picture had been made then, for she was a dearly loved child-actress. The feeling today in Hollywood seems to be that she is one of the most likeable people on the screen. She is always friendly and generous to new girls trying out in pictures—and old ones, too—and everyone is glad to see her succeed. They feel that she is much like the Agnes of the story. It is wonderful to have a reputation like that, isn't it?

CRITICAL MOMENTS NO 1

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The White Rabbit Mystery

(Continued from page 18)

of that. But don't pretend you can tell us who did steal them—unless you knew before you came here. You're not going to say there are clues right here before our eyes to tell us who the thief was, are you?"

"No," Betty said slowly. "No, I don't believe there are clues here to tell us that. And, after all, a clue isn't supposed to tell us much; a clue is a thread that leads us somewhere. A clue doesn't talk, it shows the way to something, like a ball of yarn that is unrolled to show the way through a labyrinth."

She was looking around, turning her head this way and that way, looking at the cages, and the walls, and the floor. The cage the white rabbits had been in was at one end of the shed, farther from the door than most of the other cages, and it was on a rough table as I have already said.

"This box," Betty asked suddenly, nodding to a wooden box that was partly under the table. "Was it always pulled out from under the table part way?"

"No," Art said, looking at the box in his turn. "It was always pushed in under the table all the way. Someone has pulled it out."

"To stand on," said Betty. "Someone must have pulled it out to stand on, to be able to reach into the cage to get the rabbits. Is there any other reason it should be pulled out like this?"

"No, Superintendent," said Art. "There was nothing in it."

"It looks to me," said Betty, "as if whoever took the rabbits was short. Even I could reach into the cage without standing on the box—any of us could. So if whoever took the rabbits had to stand on this box, he must have been a small boy. Does that sound sensible, Inspector Carver?"

Dot had said almost nothing so far, and neither had I, because we were so interested in Betty and her detective work; and anyway Betty and Art had hardly given us a chance. But now Dot did speak up.

"Betty!" she exclaimed, and I wish you could have seen her face. First it had a look of surprise, the sort of surprise that shows on a person's face when she suddenly discovers that she knows more than she knew she knew. As if someone had asked a riddle, and she thought, "I'm so stupid I never can solve this riddle," and then the answer came to her in a flash. First Dot's face showed that sort of surprise. She was surprised at herself. Then she had a shocked look, as if she really couldn't believe what she was thinking. Then her face had a look of pleasure, as if she was pleased that she was able to solve the riddle.

"Betty!" she exclaimed again. "I know who stole the rabbits! I'm just sure I know. I'm positive I know."

"Who was it?" Betty asked.

"No, I won't tell you," Dot said. "It wouldn't be fair. It would be too simple. Because I ought to have known all along. It wouldn't be detective work; it would just

be telling you right out who took them."

"Do you mean, Dot Carver," I demanded, "that you have known all this while who took those rabbits?"

"No," Dot said, rather flustered, "I didn't know. Or I did know, but I didn't have brains enough to see. I mean I'm almost sure I know. I'm just positive I know who took the rabbits."

She laughed, a giggling sort of laugh.

"But I didn't guess until Betty—until Superintendent Bliss gave me a hint," she

He is a very good-looking boy, and the puzzled look made him look even nicer. "How will it be cleared up?"

I hate to say, again and again, that Dot giggled, but that is exactly what she did do. "The thief will bring the rabbits back," she said; and if that was not enough to make her giggle, I don't know what would be. She was thinking something was screamingly funny. "At least, if I'm right, the thief will. Who has a pencil?"

Art had a pencil, just a stub of one, but he had no paper and neither had any of us, so Dot tore a piece of label off one of the cages to write on. The cage had been a packing box before Art made a cage of it. The scrap of paper was small, with hardly enough room to write anything on, but Dot went to the other end of the shed, and wrote the name on the paper, and folded it once, and then again. It was not much bigger than the end of her thumb when it was folded.

"Who'll keep it?" she asked, and we said she had better give it to Art because he had pockets. He promised not to look at it, or show it to any of us.

"When can we look at it?" Betty asked.

"Not until tonight," Dot said, "or until the thief brings the rabbits back. Eight o'clock tonight—they'll be back then, if they are coming back."

"Well, say!" Art said. "This is the craziest business I ever did hear of. What do you mean, Dot—did the fellow just borrow my rabbits?"

"No," Dot said. "They were stolen. The thief meant to keep them, but will not keep them."

"I give it up," Art said. "It doesn't make sense to me."

"I'm sorry!" Dot pretended to be meek and humble, but she did not make much of a success of it. "I think Superintendent Bliss ought to go ahead with her detective work now. It would be a wonderful triumph if she could solve the mystery of the white rabbits by clues and induction."

"We will carry on, Inspectors."

Betty said briskly, "although I do think we have every right to know what Inspector Carver knows. In the detection of crime, the knowledge possessed by the police, whatever it is, is always available and can be used. If one detective knows anything, it is at the service of the force. But we can use what Inspector Carver knows tonight, if the case is not solved by then. My last induction, I believe, was that the thief was a small boy."

"O. K.," said Art. "If he pulled that box out to stand on, he was a small boy, and I guess that is what he did. Now the question is, what small boy? Can you tell us that, Superintendent?"

I would love to say that Betty could. It would be grand to say that she looked at the floor, and picked up a black button, and said, "Ah, ha! Tommy Jones!" Or that she picked a thread of wool from a splinter on

Cover Contest News

THE January cover seems to have "gone to the spot." Two hundred and thirty-three titles have been received, many of them exceptionally good. The winning title is "She Floats Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease, the Daring Young Girl on the Flying Red Skis," submitted by Anne Michie of Worcester, Massachusetts. Anne will receive a book as a prize.

Forty-six other girls offered some variation of the popular "Flying Trapeze" song, while sixteen girls submitted "Happy Landing"; twenty-one, "Ski High," or some variation; twelve, "Sky Riding," or some variation; four, "Over the Top"; and fourteen, "Riding High." Other amusing titles were "The Scarlet Tanager," "The Height of the Season," "Red Comet," "Up Above the World So High," "She'll Be Coming Down the Mountain When She Comes," "Sky Larking," "Up She Goes!" "Good to the Last Drop," "Sky's the Limit," "The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime," "Snow Bird," "All That Goes Up Comes Down," "Thrills and Spills," and "Sky Scraper."

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed not later than March fifteenth.

went on. "It just couldn't be anyone else. The thief almost told me the rabbits were going to be stolen, almost told me—"

"Who was it?" Art asked.

"That wouldn't be fair," Dot giggled. "Maybe I'm not right, but I think I am; and if I told you who it was, we wouldn't have any more work to do on this case, and it is a lovely mystery. I'll write the name, if you want me to, but you must not look at it until the case is solved."

"It may never be solved if you don't tell us, Dot," I said.

"Yes, it will, Inspector Madge," Dot declared. "I shouldn't wonder if Superintendent Bliss solved it. She's warm; she's almost hot. But, if she doesn't solve it, I just know that the case will be cleared up this evening. I just know it!"

"How so?" Art asked, looking puzzled.

the white rabbits' cage, and said, "What ho! Jimmy Smith!" but she did not. We hunted high and low for more clues, but there just were not any. At last even Betty gave it up.

"That's as far as I can go," she said. "It was a small boy, and Art should know what small boys know he has rabbits. The rest is leg work, and I assign you to that job, Inspector Dane. Make a list of all the small boys who might have stolen the rabbits, and go to see them."

Well, that is good detective work, too; and in real life, a lot of it has to be done, but this was Saturday afternoon and the skating was good.

"Tomorrow, Superintendent," Art begged. "Just now something tells me we are missing some good skating. Those rabbits will keep, and if we have a thaw, the skating won't. So let's go skating."

We did, but we agreed to meet at Art's house at eight o'clock to see whether Dot's guess was right or wrong, and at eight Betty and Dot and I rang the Danes' bell. Art opened the door, and he was one big grin from ear to ear.

"The rabbits came home to roost," he said. "Jed Sylvan brought them home fifteen minutes ago. He had a sack of rabbits in one hand, and little Susie Sylvan in the other."

"I was right! I was right!" cried Dot, clapping her hands. "Did you look at the name I wrote, Art? Did you?"

"Yes," he said, digging it out of his pocket. "There it is, 'Susie Sylvan.' And was the poor kid meek and humble! Did she beg my pardon! She got spanked, too, I understand."

"I'm ashamed to tell you how simple it was," Dot said, when we were inside. "You know that Jed is always hunting, and has a lot of skins tacked on his shed wall to dry and cure—rabbit and fox and coon skins? And Mrs. Sylvan comes around doing chores? All there was to my smartness was that my little sister, Doris, has a coat with a white rabbit fur collar, and yesterday when Mrs. Sylvan came to the house, she brought Susie."

"And Susie admired Doris's collar," said Betty.

"Yes," agreed Dot, "and she said, 'I'm going to have a bunny collar on my coat, too, I am. I know where I can get a bunny collar for my coat. My papa can make me a bunny collar, he can.'"

"And when I said it was a small boy—"

"I thought of a small girl," smiled Dot. "And I wondered why a small girl should take white rabbits when the others were closer to hand—nearer the door. So, of course, I guessed that Susie Sylvan wanted white rabbit skin. And, of course, I knew that Jed Sylvan would make her bring the rabbits back as soon as he got home."

"Which is all fine and dandy," said Art, "except that little Susie took the rabbits last night. Why didn't her father make her bring them home then?"

Dot looked blank. Art laughed.

"Don't cry, Inspector," he said. "Jed wasn't home. He went out to his hunting shack yesterday afternoon, and little Susie left the rabbits in their woodshed. Superintendent, does Inspector Dot deserve a piece of chocolate cake?"

"I shall mention in my report," said Betty, "that she merits an extra large piece. And I'd like a big piece, too," she added hastily.

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Nancibel

(Continued from page 10)

La, Mrs. Rogers, Brit wouldn't steal even if he was starving. Mayhap he took his gun, but he never took the money. Never . . . never . . . never." Her voice rose shrilly and broke. Turning abruptly, she ran out of the door.

Blindly she stumbled across the lawn. Brit hadn't stolen any money. She was sure of that. But how could she make the rest believe it, too? If only Brit were here!

Suddenly Nancibel halted. Then she turned towards the road that led out of the valley. She must find Brit . . . bring him back to school to explain things. There was no doubt in her mind as to where she would find him. He'd be back on Dog-Leg in one of the forest haunts where he'd always gone when he wanted to be alone. Fortunately she knew most of them.

Mechanically, rapidly, her bare feet bore her over the trails that wound, now along the banks of drought-shrunken creeks, now over steep, densely wooded ridges. The sun, high overhead, announced the noon-hour when she permitted herself her first rest and, lying down on a creek bank, drank long and deeply. Her thirst satisfied, she plunged her hot face in the water and dried it on her short skirt. Suddenly she realized that she was hungry, uncomfortably hungry. At Laurel Hall, they'd all be eating now, laughing and chattering about the cast's trip tomorrow. Nancibel sat up very straight, eyes widening with sudden awareness. She was supposed to leave for Outside early tomorrow morning. And here she was headed for Dog-Leg Creek twenty miles from the school. She'd miss the trip! A great lump rose in her throat. Abruptly she jumped up. Thinking about the trip wouldn't do any good. She'd best keep her mind on getting to Dog-Leg. And turning her face to the north she pushed on up the trail.

It was mid-afternoon when Nancibel entered Dog-Leg Valley. The creek itself was a mere trickle of water, and the bushes and grass that edged it were seared yellow, and coated with dust. High on the steep hill-sides, the cornstalks stood starkly brown like dejected scarecrows.

Nancibel's heart quickened as she rounded a bend. Just ahead was the Rand cabin, and a half mile further on was home. How good it would be to see her folks. Her pappy was away at the lumber-camp, but the rest of the family would all be there. Well, she'd find Brit first. Then she'd go on home.

At the Rands, her call brought Brit's mother and a flock of children from the back of the cabin.

"You back, too!" Mrs. Rand exclaimed. "Fer why you come home?"

"Whar's Brit?" The girl's face beneath its film of dust and perspiration was white with weariness, and her lips felt stiff and parched. "Oh, he come in early this morning, but he went right off ag'in somewheres. He wouldn't say ary thing saving he was plumb sick of school. You going to stay home now, Nancibel?"

The girl had not paused to answer, but left them staring after her as she climbed slowly up the hill behind the cabin. Where should she look first for Brit? In the cave, by the spring, up in the old pine, or on top of the cliff? It was on the cliff top that she found him, stretched out, face down,

Play-Acts

rifle close beside him. For an instant Nancibel stared at the gun. Yes, he'd taken it from the office all right. But not the money. Swiftly she moved forward, calling softly.

"Brit! Oh, Brit! It's me, Nancibel."

He sprang to his feet.

"Fer-why did you come?" he demanded.

"To tell you as how you got to go back to Little Valley . . . right away."

Brit shook his rumped dark head. "Hit's a pure waste of your time," he told her. "I hain't going back, ever. You hadn't oughter come. Ain't the play-actors going on that trip tomorrow?"

Nancibel nodded. "They can go without me, I reckon," she said steadily. "The play teacher knows all my lines. She's little 'nough to be a gal. She can play-act for me."

Brit thrust his fists deep in his overall pockets.

"Waal, I hain't going back," he repeated stubbornly.

"Listen, Brit Rand! Last night someone broke into Mrs. Rogers's office, and stole a box of money. This morning when she found you and your gun was gone, she was afeared you might've took the money. Of course, I knowed you didn't, so I come to tell you. Now you haste back, 'n' show her your own self that you didn't."

SO they're naming me a thief, are they?" Brit said slowly. "Waal, they can jest go right on calling me one. I only took what was mine—my gun. And I hain't beholden to ary body to explain what I done."

"But you got to make them see you hain't a thief," the girl protested. "Don't you know that?"

Brit shook his head. "I'm a-staying here."

Suddenly Nancibel's tired shoulders straightened. With scornful blue eyes, she faced him. "All right, don't then," she cried. "Stay here. Stay here 'n' leave the Little Valley folks name you a thief. Stay here 'n' waste your days totting a gun, letting your headpiece 'n' your body dry up like the cornfields. But I tell you this, Brit Rand. If you abide all your days on Dog-Leg, you'll be a shore 'nough Nobody, a doing-nothing Nobody like the rest of them down thar on Dog-Leg." And wheeling abruptly, she stumbled off down the hill.

Mrs. Horton asked no questions when her daughter appeared that evening. Later when they had all had supper and the children were in bed, Nancibel told what had happened.

"Hit's a pure pity," her mother murmured, her rough hand brushing the girl's for a moment. Then she added, "You've walked hard today, Nan. You'd best go tuck in with Betty and May."

Sleeping in the stuffy cabin, in the same bed with her two sisters, seemed strange and uncomfortable to Nancibel after having had her own cool cot at school. Last night at this time she'd been trying on her new clothes. Suddenly she closed her eyes very tight. The brown dress . . . the green dress. She wouldn't be wearing them Outside, on trains, in wonderful cities. She wouldn't be saying her play-words to hundreds of people. In the darkness hot tears rolled down her cheeks upon the rumbled bedclothes.

The clammy light of early dawn was streaking the doorway when her mother roused her next morning.

"Brit wants to see you," Mrs. Horton said. Quickly Nancibel dressed and slipped out front.

"I'm a-going back to Little Valley," the boy told her. "I want you should go with me."

"Shore 'nough," she nodded. "I'll go say bye to Mammy; then I'm ready."

In silence they covered mile after mile, Brit striding ahead, gun swinging in his hand. Questions tugged at Nancibel's lips, but she checked them, fearful lest she might say something to alter her companion's decision. Gradually the forest awakened. Birds tested their throats in tentative practice notes. Squirrels chattered sleepily at them from high branches, and gray light gave way to sunlight that filtered brightly through the trees. Nancibel's side ached from walking so fast.

"Brit, can't we go a little grain slower?"

He turned. "I'm sorry to walk so hard," he said. "But I allow, mayhap, if we hurry, we can get thar afore the play-acting folks start for Big Gulch, 'n' you can go on the train atter all."

Nancibel stared at him. So that was why he was going back. It wasn't because he wanted to explain things to Mrs. Rogers.

"We can't get back early 'nough," she told him. "They was leaving at nine o'clock. But I don't keer, Brit. If you'll jest talk to Mrs. Rogers . . ."

"Waal, we can try anyways," Brit interrupted and swung on.

It was ten o'clock when they walked into the principal's office.

"Why, Nancibel! Brit!" Mrs. Rogers exclaimed.

"Have they left yet—the play-acting folks?" Brit demanded, dropping his gun butt to the floor with a thump.

Mrs. Rogers's face clouded. "Over an hour ago," she said. "It's a pity you didn't get back sooner."

Brit regarded her earnestly. "Don't you reckon, if Nancibel went horseback, she could get to Big Gulch in time for the train? She might even catch up with t'others, being they'll go slow-like on the mules."

Mrs. Rogers glanced at the clock. "Ten o'clock," she murmured. "Train leaves at two. Why, you just *might* make it. Yes, it's worth trying."

Her voice snapped into briskness. "Brit, saddle up Don and Harry. You'd better ride over with Nancibel to see she gets there safely. Nancibel, run get your new clothes. I'll find a bag for them. Hurry, both of you!"

The girl's head buzzed with weariness and excitement. She put out a hand to steady herself against the desk. She might still go on the trip! But Brit? What about him?

"Hain't you going to speak out 'bout that money?" she asked, as he started for the door.

Brit turned, hesitated, and then said slowly, "I didn't take ary money, jest my gun. I aim to stay to school this time, if you'll leave me stay. Here's my gun. Will you keep hit for me?"

Mrs. Rogers smiled at him. "Of course. As for the money, I hope you'll forgive me for doubting you, Brit. The matter's all cleared up now. Yesterday the headmaster of Mart Donaldson's cottage reported that Mart had been absent from the cottage for a time Thursday night. (Continued on page 48)

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"Old Town Canoes"

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of Poland, also Scarce Costa Rica Triangle, and big pkt. 50 diff. including U. S. 22 stamps, Zanzibar, Epitaph, Churchill, a plant and a postage stamp, etc.—all for only 5c with lists and approvals. **MONUMENTAL STAMP CO.,** Arlington P. O., Baltimore, Md.

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(worth 7c alone) and one other valuable triangle stamp in our lot of 33 all diff. genuine stamps for 5c. Give approvals.

O. W. CROWDER & CO., Carroll P. O., Baltimore, Md.

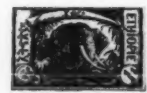
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Packet of unusual stamps containing old Hawaii, scarce Bolivia triangle, famous Money Stamp (printed on cardboard and also used as currency!); airmails from Mexico and Paraguay; Map, Ship, Animal, Commemorative, etc. No Europe. Only 10c to approval applicants. **De Sete Stamp & Coin Co.,** 105 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

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ZANZIBAR PACKET! FREE Quercus Freakish Stamps from Zanzibar, Sudan, Somaliland, Tiger Stamps—Togoland—Caribbean Archer—Algerian—Central Americans—British Colonials. Don't delay! Don't miss this whopping packet free for 5c postage. **GRAY STAMP CO.,** Dept. A. G., Toronto, Can.

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from far-off lands! British and French Colonials... Watermark detector Perforation gauge... Package hinges, stamp tongs... for 10c with approvals! Write today!
HAPPY HOURS STAMP CO., 1012 W. Cucharras Colorado Springs, Col.



When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By **OSBORNE B. BOND**

BY the time these words appear in print a new series of United States stamps may be very definitely assured. The reason for this statement is that late in January the Post Office Department revived talk of issuing the new Presidential series of stamps during 1935 and, although talk of the issue has progressed very considerably, our experience in the past with this proposed issue leads us to feel that popular opinion among stamp collectors may result in the complete abandonment of the series. Hundreds of stamp collectors in this country have written to Post Office Department officials asking that, instead of another series of President stamps, we be given a complete new issue of pictorials. We think that the pictorial stamps, just like the National Parks issue of 1934, would prove to be very much sought after.

Four lovely stamps, which have taken a very long time to get here, have reached us from Papua. This far away country celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its proclamation as a British Protectorate on November sixth, and the stamps have been issued in connection with this event. Papua occupies the southeastern portion of the island of New Guinea which lies just north of the province of Queensland in Australia.

For several centuries explorers, navigators and missionaries, representing the Germans, the Dutch and the British, visited the island and, beginning as far back as 1793, a series of annexations for each one of the governments took place. In 1884 the German flag was hoisted on what is today Madang, on the northern shore of the island. The British government immediately instructed commodore James Erskine to sail into Port Moresby and proclaim a protectorate over the island. Ten days later, the German government established a protectorate on the north shore, and the following year Britain and Germany reached an agreement and Britain's portion of the island was called "British New Guinea." It was in 1907 that the name was finally changed to the familiar "Territory of Papua" and as such has been known ever since.

The new series of four stamps comprises two different designs, which we have illustrated for you. The 2 penny and 5 penny values show a scene on the deck of His Majesty's Ship "Nelson" at Port Moresby. Commodore Erskine can be seen addressing a

number of native chiefs who have been called together from the districts in and near the port. The 1 penny and 3 penny values show a sketch of the ceremony on shore when the British Union Jack was hoisted in front of the mission house located at Port Moresby.

Every once in a while some country issues a set of stamps to honor the memory of a great man. Such a set of nine stamps comes to us from the Sudan, the territory just south of Egypt. The stamps were issued on the fiftieth anniversary of the tragic death, at Khartoum, of General Charles George Gordon.

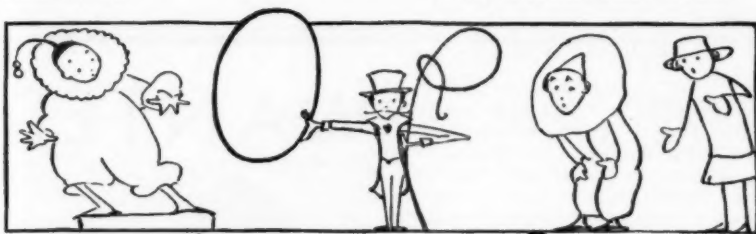
We wish space would permit us to tell you some of the high spots of General Gordon's very brilliant career, but we can only tell you of the events immediately preceding his death. He had done a great deal of work for England, and late in 1883, when a terrific rebellion had broken out in the Sudan, England sent Gordon to Khartoum. Due to the treachery of some Egyptian officers, Gordon's battles with the rebels were unsuccessful,

and a revolt in the Eastern Sudan caused England to withdraw the British troops stationed at Suakin. A month later the British troops at Berber were also withdrawn and this left the Sudan and General Gordon completely cut off. With an energy and skill almost miraculous, Gordon so organized his defense that he was able to hold out, in the face of incredible difficulties and privations, for more than ten months.

Finally Great Britain ordered an army of British troops to Khartoum to effect Gordon's release, but so much time had been lost in reaching this decision and so many difficulties delayed the army in its march across the desert that, when they reached Khartoum, they found that the city had fallen and its heroic commander been slain only two days before.

In the new set of stamps the 5 millimes green, 10 millimes light brown, 13 millimes ultramarine and 15 millimes scarlet are small upright stamps with a portrait of General Gordon. The Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum is shown on the 2 piastres blue, 5 piastres orange and 10 piastres lilac. The 20 piastres gray and the 50 piastres violet brown are large stamps and the design depicts, very faithfully, the memorial service held in honor of General Gordon by Lord Kitchener after his decisive victory at Omdurman.





Laugh and Grow Scout

Adaptable

A lady traveling on a train was talking with the gentleman in the next seat. In describing her vacation, she said that she had been in San José.

"You pronounce that wrong," said the man. "It is San Ho-say. In California you should pronounce all J's as H's. When were you there?"

The lady thought a minute, and then answered, "In Hune and Huly."—Sent by VIRGINIA LEE ROEDER, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

No Doubt

ALENE: I wonder where doughnuts were first made.

HELENE: In Greece.—Sent by MARGARET LUCY, Berryville, Arkansas.

Or Try Headcheese

"Yes, I know fish is brain food, but I don't care so much for fish. Isn't there some other brain food?"

"Well, there's noodle soup."—Sent by NORMA LA ROSE, Chicago, Illinois.

Bookkeeper

"My papa's a bookkeeper," said Albert proudly.

"Yes, I know it," replied Dorothy. "He borrowed one from my papa."—Sent by MIRIAM McGRATH, Clarendon, Virginia.

Can't Be Done



TOURIST: I've always longed to live the wild, free life of a cowboy, like I've seen in the moving pictures.

COWBOY: So have I.—Sent by MILDRED REGENSBURG, Bronx, New York.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Who's His Dentist?



"I haven't much time for meals," said the bus driver, "so I generally have a bite at the wheel."

"That's a bit tough, I should think," said his listener.—Sent by ELIZABETH M. CLEMENCE, Malden, Massachusetts.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Too Bad

TENDERFOOT: Did you read about the man who swallowed his teaspoon?

SECOND: No, what happened to him?

TENDERFOOT: He can't stir.—Sent by MARJORIE HARTZ, Albert Lea, Minnesota.

Optional

A Scotchman went to consult a local doctor. As he was leaving, the doctor remarked:

"You have forgotten something. My fee for the advice I have given you is four dollars."

"Aye," answered the patient, "but I'm no takin' your advice."—Sent by JUNE MCCARTHY, Savannah, Georgia.

Ready-to-Wear



PURCHASER OF MINIATURE CAR: But how do you get into it?

SALESMAN: You don't get into it, sir, you put it on.—Sent by BILLIE PRIMM, Los Angeles, California.

Family Tree

PUPIL: But, teacher, Daddy says we are descended from monkeys.

TEACHER: We can't discuss your private family affairs in class.—Sent by PATRICIA SMITH, Balboa, California.

Good for Henry!

MOTHER (to caller): Yes, our Henry is wonderfully smart in school.

CALLER: What is he studying?

MOTHER: He's studying French and Spanish and algebra. Henry, say "Good morning" for the lady in algebra.—Sent by LOUISE J. YEAKEL, Pennsylvania.

Are you very busy today?

MOTHER away... heaps of dishes... sticky finger-prints on the piano... your beret in need of a tubbing! Don't worry—use Fels-Naptha Soap and see how easily it gets everything done. For the golden bar brings you two grand helpers. Good golden soap and lots of naphtha! Together, they whisk out dirt in no time. Mother will be pleased to know that Fels-Naptha washes clothes whiter, too—it banishes "tattle-tale gray." Tell her about...



FELS-NAPTHA

The Golden Bar with the Clean Naphtha Odor



Girls! Be able to identify your wearables positively! Mark them with CASH'S NAMES, woven to your individual order. Recommended by schools—used for generations. Quickly attached with thread or Cash's NO-80 Cement. Order from your dealer or us.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 12¢ for 1 dozen of your own first name and sample tube of NO-80 Cement.

CASH'S 45 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn. or 6200 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal.

CASH'S 3 doz \$1.50 6 doz \$2. NO-80 25¢ NAMES 9 25 12 3. Cement 1 tube

17 Pc. DINNER SET

GIVEN — latest style pure white — for selling only 80¢ each. Garden Seeds at 10¢ large pack. Other gifts for the home, and every member of the family — or cash commission — shown in our big Gift Book. Write for needs today. SEND NO MONEY. We trust you. Win Ford Car, or other extra awards.

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Massachusetts

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Send for 400 FREE Sample Boucle \$3.90—Shetland \$2.25 Scotch Tweed \$2.75—Vena \$5.00 Tweed Nub Yarn \$4.00 lb.

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35¢ BUYS A DANDY CLASS PIN \$1.60 A BEAUTIFUL RING

SEND FOR NEW BIG 1935 CATALOG! Shows over 200 smart, up-to-the-minute pin and ring designs. Prices even less by dozen. Money back guarantee. Oldest, largest makers. Write today. BASTIAN BROS. CO. 38 South Building ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A necessity

FOR EVERY

WELL EQUIPPED SCOUT

The official Johnson & Johnson First Aid Kit is just as essential a part of your Scout equipment as any other pieces of clothing.

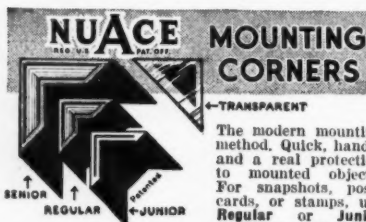
You cannot anticipate an accident, so be prepared. Get your official Johnson & Johnson First Aid Kit today—approved by your National Council—on sale at National Headquarters or your local drug store.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. CHICAGO, ILL.

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etc., use the new large Senior style. For complete visibility, use the crystal-clear Transparent style. All styles (except Transparent) come in black, white, gray, green, red, sepia, ivory, gold, and silver.

Only 10¢ pkg. at dealers' and 5 & 10¢ stores in U. S., or send us 10¢ (Canada 15¢) for package and samples.

ACE ART CO., 24 Gould St., Reading, Mass.

**Shampoo Regularly with
CUTICURA SOAP**
**Precede by Applications of
CUTICURA OINTMENT**
Price 25c. each. Sample free.
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**New! Engel
Pocket Art Corners**
The real thing for mounting Snapshots, Cards, Stamps, etc. No paste needed. Neat, easy to use for mounting prints tight or loose. Sold at photo supply and album counters or send 10¢ today for pkg. of 100 and free samples.
Engel Art Corners Co., Chicago, Ill.,
Address Dept. 4N - 4717 North Clark St.

Right Face!

(Continued from page 15)

can buy in the form of a lipstick (white or tinted pink), is excellent to keep your lips soft and comfortable in cold weather.

Later on this year we shall discuss sunburn, freckles and tan, so I shall not take the time now to go into detail about them, except to say that the problem of skin protection here is in many ways similar to the problem of protection from cold and wind. The sun is your enemy as well as your friend, and if you want to have a nice skin, you must learn to use sunlight properly. Excessive exposure to the sun coarsens the skin. Use oils if you want to tan mildly. Wear a hat, and use special tinted protective creams, or tinted face powder over cold cream or lotion, if you want to keep a more delicate complexion.

Many people do not know that face powder is a protective as well as a decorative asset. No well-groomed girl uses face powder to *show*, of course. She uses it to give her a well-groomed look, and she also uses it to help protect her skin. The pigment in the warm, deep, skin-toned shades of powder really helps to protect the skin from the sun's rays.

If you use face powder, choose a shade as nearly like your skin as possible. Get a little sample, and try it on your face. If it shows up lighter than your natural skin tone, go on experimenting till you find one that matches better. Bluish pinky shades are usually rather unbecoming. Shades with too much yellow in them are bad, too. Most girls nowadays have that nice, healthy, outdoor look which calls for what is really a rosy "rachel" shade of powder. You will find it in many variations, and called different names by different manufacturers.

Do not use a heavy face powder, and do not use too much. Above all, do not concentrate your powdering on your nose. Apply your powder with a clean puff, or piece of cotton, starting at your neck and going over all your face, except your eyelids. Now take a clean piece of cotton, or a clean puff, and remove *all* surplus powder. Be especially careful about getting powder out of nose creases, for this is where blackheads love to start.

And now for an extra special and very important P. S. on face powder. *Never* use a soiled powder-puff, or keep your used puff in your face-powder box. Use a washable puff, and *wash* it—or use fresh bits of clean absorbent cotton. I mean it!

Nancibel Play-Acts

(Continued from page 45)

We questioned Mart closely as to his actions, and at first he denied any connection with the money. Later, though, he confessed that he had seen you enter my office, and had come in after you left and taken the money."

Nancibel caught her breath.

"I'll fetch the horses," Brit said brusquely. "You make haste, Nancibel."

Mrs. Rogers turned to the girl.

"You've been traveling fast and long on shanks horses," she said. "Are you sure you're not too tired for this ride?"

Nancibel flashed her a quick smile. "Lawdy, Ma'am, I could *walk* to Big Gulch," she cried and, turning, raced outdoors and across the lawn to fetch her new clothes.

WANTED



The Brownies, bless 'em, are just as important as their older sisters, the Girl Scouts. They, too, can do their part in spreading the ideals of Girl Scouting by wearing the uniform and "telling the world" that here are 25,173 Brownies ready to "lend a hand and play the game." The dress is a belted slip-over model cut with raglan sleeves, becoming Peter Pan collar, and three large patch pockets. The hem is generously deep and the front opening is laced with a silk cord. Bloomers of self-material are pleated on to a straight waistband with an elastic insert in the center back, and buttoned on one side. There is elastic in the bloomer legs also. The material is a rich shade of brown cotton guaranteed not to fade or shrink. Sizes 6-12.

1-101 Dress and bloomers.....	\$3.00
1-102 Dress, only.....	2.00
1-103 Bloomers, only.....	1.35

A pointed cap of the same material as the dress, or a brown wool beret, may be worn with this uniform.

1-141 Cap25
1-142 Beret65

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

346,152 Leaders, Girl Scouts and Brownies IN UNIFORM

And leaders will want the new light-weight uniform. It is made of the new type sanforized shirting material so popular this year. Similar to a fine gingham, it is cool, comfortable and easy to launder. The color is the same as the regular 2-101 dress, and so is the style, except that it is made with short sleeves. Sizes 12-18, 38-44. 2-107.....\$5.00

There are many leaders, particularly those who wear the uniform often, who will prefer the wool dress because of its more tailored appearance and better wearing qualities. Lapel pins and belt must be purchased separately for both these uniforms. Sizes 12-18, 38-44. 2-102.....\$22.50

Great news for the 'teen-age Girl Scout. There is now a uniform designed especially for her. The blouse is made with a shirt-tail bottom, buttoned breast pocket, and tailored collar which may be worn opened or closed. A shaped yoke gives a smooth fit across the upper shoulders,

and an inverted box-pleat down the center back allows for freedom of movement. The fitted skirt is made with two patch pockets and a panel front ending in a kick pleat over each knee. The straight waistband, opening on the left side, is wide in the modern sport manner. Made of the same sanforized shirting material as the new light-weight leader's uniform, it is cool, comfortable and easy to launder. This dress may be had with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 13, 15 and 17.

0-103 Long sleeves\$4.75
0-104 Short sleeves 4.75

The new blocked beret in deep green completes this uniform. It is worn with the small green-and-white trefoil in the center front. Sizes 21, 21½, 22, 22½ and 23.

0-144\$1.00

Those Scouts who wear the regular 0-101 uniform will be delighted with the changes

and improvements. A new smooth fit across the back has been gained by eliminating the inverted box-pleat down the center back and shaping the dress at the waist. The zipper at the neck opening adds a modern touch. In spite of these improvements, there has been no increase in price. Sizes 8-18, 38-44.

0-101\$4.50

The Thrift uniform remains the same, as any changes in construction would have resulted in an increase in price. This dress is not sanforized and is therefore not guaranteed against shrinkage, so it would be wise to order a size sufficiently large. Sizes 8-18, 38-44.

0-108\$3.00



Here's How You Can Do Your Good Turn—Today —and be rewarded for your effort!



EVERY regular reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL who gives us her careful and honest help in answering the questions listed below will receive FREE, her choice of any three of the products listed under Question 15. Simply check the three you want and they will be sent you direct from the manufacturer. You'll enjoy these trial-size samples, and we'll get the information we want about the habits and preferences of the typical AMERICAN GIRL reader. Rest assured that no public use

will be made of your name. To six girls who also tell, in the space allotted for that purpose at the bottom of this page, how they have helped influence the family's buying or have bought products themselves (any kind, not necessarily foodstuffs), we will award a \$5.00 prize for the best and most interesting facts submitted, two \$2.00 prizes for the second and third best, and three \$1 Honorable Mention prizes for the next three. Every one who answers the questions wins 3 merchandise prizes.

ANSWER THE QUESTIONS NOW!!

And May the Best Six Win Both Cash and Merchandise Prizes. Answer Them Now!!!

1. Which of the following types of foods do you eat regularly?

2. Which do you help prepare?

I eat regularly the foods checked on the left below:

I help prepare those checked on the right:

- | | |
|--|-------|
| _____ Fresh Fruits | _____ |
| _____ Canned Fruits | _____ |
| _____ Cereals, cooked | _____ |
| _____ Cereals, uncooked | _____ |
| _____ Milk, fresh | _____ |
| _____ Milk, canned | _____ |
| _____ Coffee Substitutes | _____ |
| _____ Bread, Rolls, Toast | _____ |
| _____ Butter—Shortening | _____ |
| _____ Eggs | _____ |
| _____ Jellies, Jams, Marmalades | _____ |
| _____ Peanut Butter | _____ |
| _____ Pancakes, Waffles | _____ |
| _____ Malted Milks, Chocolate Drinks | _____ |
| _____ Meats, fresh | _____ |
| _____ Meats, canned | _____ |
| _____ Ham or Bacon or Sausage | _____ |
| _____ Vegetables, fresh | _____ |
| _____ Vegetables, canned | _____ |
| _____ Soups, Beef Extracts, etc. | _____ |
| _____ Spaghetti, Noodles, Macaroni | _____ |
| _____ Baked Beans | _____ |
| _____ Rice, Chop Suey, etc. | _____ |
| _____ Salads, Oils, Mayonnaise | _____ |
| _____ Pickles, Relishes, etc. | _____ |
| _____ Catsup, Chili Sauce, Mustard | _____ |
| _____ Tomato and Fruit Juices | _____ |
| _____ Olives | _____ |
| _____ Salt, Pepper, Spices, etc. | _____ |
| _____ Sauces (for flavoring) | _____ |
| _____ Yeast | _____ |
| _____ Crackers, Cookies, Cakes | _____ |
| _____ Cheese | _____ |
| _____ Syrups, Molasses, etc. | _____ |
| _____ Gelatine, flavored or unflavored | _____ |
| _____ Baking Powder, Flour | _____ |
| _____ Doughnuts, Crullers, Biscuits | _____ |
| _____ Pies, Pastry, etc. | _____ |
| _____ Puddings, Cornstarch, etc. | _____ |
| _____ Coconut, Dates, Figs, etc. | _____ |
| _____ Cranberries, Cranberry Jelly | _____ |

3. Do you go to the stores to buy these food products for family use, regularly or occasionally?

Regularly Occasionally

4. Does your mother tell you what brands to buy, or does she let you use your own judgment most of the time?

Mother Decides I use my own judgment

5. If you cannot get the brands your mother ordered, do you then decide yourself what substitutes you will take?

Yes No

6. Do you suggest that your parents try new brands, or products in which you are interested? If yes, how often?

Often Seldom Never

7. Which of the following products do you buy for your own use?

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| _____ Cakes and Cookies | _____ Chewing Gum | _____ Popcorn | _____ Raisins |
| _____ Packaged Nuts | _____ Candy Bars | _____ Ice Cream | _____ Fruits |
| _____ Cough Drops | _____ Box Candy | _____ Soft Drinks | _____ Crackers |

Other foods, candies, etc., that you buy regularly:

8. Are you a Girl Scout? yes no 9. How old are you? years

10. Do you have a regular allowance? yes no

11. What type of school do you attend? Grade School High School Private School

12. Can you bake (by yourself) Cake Pie Biscuits

13. What are your main household duties?

14. How many persons are in your family household?

15. Which three of the following products do you want sent to you in return for your careful filling out of this questionnaire? CHECK THREE.

- | | | |
|--------|---|--------|
| FREE!! | _____ Trial-size package Grape-Nuts (cereal) | FREE!! |
| FREE!! | _____ Trial-size bottle Hires Root Beer Extract (enough to make 16 glasses) | FREE!! |
| | _____ Trial-size package Instant Postum (beverage) (week's supply) | |
| | _____ Trial-size package Postum Cereal (beverage) (week's supply) | |
| | _____ 24-page book tempting Jell-O Recipes | |
| | _____ Attractive recipe book for using Knox's Gelatine | |

Dear American Girl Magazine: Last month I influenced my family in buying the following products (or bought them myself):

Products Purchased:

How I influenced my family to purchase them (or bought them myself):



Go over the questionnaire to make sure it is carefully filled out—then mail to THE AMERICAN GIRL, Contest Editor, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. FOODSTUFFS CONTEST CLOSING AT MIDNIGHT, MARCH 31ST

Reader's Name

Street

City

State

If you would rather not tear out this page, we will send you a copy of this questionnaire on request to the Contest Editor.

Libby *gave* Elma this complete uniform!

Elma Swain
Saybrook, Conn.



Have you tried the Libby Plan?
Girl Scouts everywhere are
using it to get official equipment
without paying a dime!

JUST IMAGINE this girl's pleasure when she saw how well she looked in her official Girl Scout uniform, with a regulation belt and neckerchief to add the finishing touches! And how proud she was to get them *without spending a dime!* Now Elma is going right ahead to get all the other things she wants the same easy, thrifty way.

If there's any Girl Scout equipment you want—anything from a neckerchief to a tent—you certainly ought to try the Libby Thrift Plan. *It's so simple!*

All you have to do is save some of the blue and white labels from cans of Libby's Evaporated Milk (we'll tell you how many you need when you send us the coupon below). Send the labels to us, and you'll get the equipment you want immediately, direct from Girl Scout Headquarters.

The beauty of it is, the labels are really easy to get! So many women use a can or two of Libby's Milk *every single day*. They prefer it for its extra purity, quality and richness. Your mother, your relatives and neighbors will be glad to start saving labels for you as soon as you tell them about it.

So don't waste a minute getting started. Fill in and mail the coupon right now; we'll send you complete information about the Libby Thrift Plan immediately. In addition, we'll send you a *free* certificate worth ten tall Libby labels; that'll give you a fast start toward the things you want. So get the scissors; clip the coupon now. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Illinois.

OG SON OF FIRE
by IRVING CRUMP

A thrilling dramatized story by this great boys' and girls' author. Cavemen, mammoths, saber-toothed tigers—a thrill a minute. Listen in at 5 P.M., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on these stations:

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Libby, McNeill & Libby
Dept. AG-34, Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Please tell me how I can get my Girl Scout equipment without cost.

Name.....City.....

Address.....State.....

Grocer's Name.....



A GIFT for Your Troop ...from "The American Girl"



NOW your Girl Scout troop can have its own china tea set, decorated with THE AMERICAN GIRL colophon in green. In case you don't know this seal of your own magazine, we are showing it to you, to the left of this paragraph. It is the same as the seal on the Earn-Your-Own Club stationery.

The tea set consists of eight plates, and eight cups and saucers of genuine English dinnerware. The background is a lovely cream color, and with the green border and green decoration, it will go with any color scheme. You will surely want this china in your troop room to use when you have invited guests to tea.

The American importers, who are well known for their own chinaware, have devoted much time and thought to making THE AMERICAN GIRL china attractive and distinctive. It is fun to use this specially designed tea set which lends charm to entertaining.

HOW can you get the set? Just ask your captain to write to *Betty Brooks*, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.

A plate and cup and saucer are shown below, but it is impossible to realize, from a black and white photograph, how lovely the china is. If you want to serve more than eight people, there's nothing to prevent your troop from earning more than one set. You will want yours to be the first troop in your neighborhood to have these special dishes, so it's a good idea to start working for them right now.

There are less than 100 sets available—first come, first served!

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